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No. 4.

Expect Great Things from God. Attempt Great Things for God.

AN EASTER HYMN.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

The Lord is risen! From East to West
The glad acclaim thrills every breast;
And all abroad from North to South,
From heart to heart, from mouth to mouth,
Breaks forth the marvelous refrain,
'Till earth is girdled with the strain,
The Lord is risen!

No more a weeping Mary stands
Asking, with pleading, outstretched hands,
Where have ye laid Him? Come and see
The vestments of mortality!
The napkin, folded in its place,
No longer wraps the living face;
The Lord is risen!

No more the sad disciples mourn,
Mistrustful of the Lord's return;
Their broken hearts have found relief,
The wondrous tidings stanch their grief;
"For heard we not our women say
The stony doubt is rolled away,
And Christ is risen?"

Strange wafts of psalms upon the breeze
 Float from the southern Hebrides;
 The "darkest continent" is rife
 With throbbings of a new-found life;
 Japan, so long an idol's slave,
 Now learns that Buddha cannot save.
 The Lord is risen!

From the far Orient comes a ray;
 True light is bursting o'er Cathay.
 And whoso listens now may hear
 The pleading call fall on the ear,
 As with a wail the nations cry,
 "Give us a Saviour, or we die."
 The Lord is risen!

Yea, Christ is risen! and everywhere,
 The rush of wings is on the air;
 For never since the angels' song
 O'er Bethlehem's plain was borne along,
 Came words more rapturous to men,
 Than earth can ever hear again,—
 The Lord is risen!

ONE of the marvels of modern missions is the desire for the Bible among the natives in Uganda. In five months last year more than 10,000 Gospels were sold, besides 25,000 other books and reading sheets. Later there were shipped from London for Uganda 1,511 complete copies of the New Testament, 5,170 volumes containing the four Gospels and the Acts, 496 copies of the Epistles of Paul, besides 25,880 separate copies of the Gospels and the Acts. "And all this," says a missionary periodical, "for a Central African tribe, a few years ago unknown, who will buy and read God's Word translated into their own language, and with such eagerness as has necessitated the strictest rules regarding the sale."

THE different papers given in the various congresses in Chicago have many of them been printed in pamphlet form, which brings them within the reach of all. We have on hand "Work for Foreign Missions among Young Women in the Home Churches," by Mrs. L. W. Waterbury of the Baptist Board (price two cents), a very practical paper on methods that have been tried and proved successful; "Woman under the Ethnic Religions," by Mrs. Moses Smith (price two cents), said to be one of the best refutations that has been given of the praises of Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and other systems given at the Parliament of Religions; and "Woman's Medical Work," by Mrs. J. T. Gracey of the Methodist Church. We have

also a tract on "Woman's Work for Women in Africa." Mrs. Gracey's clear and vigorous style is known to all our readers, and her missionary experience enables her to select just the information that is needed. By special request the articles in *LIFE AND LIGHT*, "Work for the Blind in China," by Miss Gordon-Cumming, and "The Miss Patience Band," have been issued as leaflets (price three and four cents respectively).

Those of our readers who were interested in articles which have appeared in *LIFE AND LIGHT* from Miss Gordon-Cumming, on "Work for the Blind in China," will be glad to hear further about the wonderful achievements of Mr. Murray; and we quote from an article which was published in the London *Christian*.

I HAVE received several letters from Peking, from Rev. William Murray, giving very interesting details of the development of his various inventions, or "revelations," as he loves to call them, and with good reason. He says it is delightful to see with what pleasure his blind lads and girls set up the type for printing, his new and marvelously simple type for the use of sighted persons, and the wonderful facility with which the latter can learn to read in less than a week. There can be no doubt whatever that this new invention will prove an invaluable aid in extending the power of reading the Scriptures among the illiterate converts of every mission which will adopt it. The beauty of it is that the same version can be read throughout the whole vast empire.

His latest invention is a wooden slate, with a groove on which the blind students can arrange moveable wooden characters, representing the recently invented shorthand for the Chinese; and by this means the blind give lessons in shorthand to the sighted! In my little book, "Work for the Blind," I told the history of Mr. Hsii, a blind fortune-teller, who had been converted and came to Mr. Murray for teaching. That man has been sent as organist, choir master, and instructor in many things, to the American Presbyterian Mission at Naukin,—“the Southern Capital,”—where Mr. Murray has long wished to have a representative. Now he has one whom he considers thoroughly capable and in every respect satisfactory, and he is greatly rejoiced thereat.

A LETTER from Iuanda gives a graphic picture of the place filled by the the much-needed sanitarium. One after another, those over-burdened preachers and teachers have escaped to this retreat, and have found there health and peace. Once again we are reminded that far away in Africa, that country so little known to us as to seem almost another world, there are men and women living and working for God and the world, with the same hindrances and perplexities which trouble us in our own United States. Details of parish work, of housekeeping, and school keeping, and home making to tax

the brain ; careless, or stupid, or wayward boys and girls to try the patience ; ignorant, weak, indifferent, and hardened men and women to make the heart sick, all these are in life everywhere. And in Africa, too, are nervous headaches and "grippe." As we read the whole story we are thankful, from the bottom of our hearts, that the love of God is with his children everywhere ; and then, too, we are glad indeed to have had a share in offering to those tired hearts and brains in the south of Africa a rest among the hills.

WE wish to call the attention of our readers to a new department in our magazine which appears for the first time this month. We refer to "Our Book Table," which will hereafter appear in each number. To say that it will be under the care of Mrs. Joseph Cook, insures its interest and practical value to all. Fascinating books in mission lands are multiplying fast, and it will be a favor to all our readers to have the best books, and the best points in them, suggested to them.

SEVERAL of our well-known English friends have recently passed through this country on their way to mission fields. They are Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, who sailed from Vancouvre on February 5th, for a tour of mission stations, and Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor and Miss Geraldine Guinness, on their way back to their work in the China Inland Mission. Mr. Taylor and Miss Guinness gave a number of addresses in different places, leaving behind them the blessing that always comes from whole-souled consecration to a noble cause.

ETHNIC BELIEFS AS TO A FUTURE LIFE.

AT this season, when the beautiful story of the resurrection is once more repeated with flowers, and song, and reverent and holy thoughts, when the future life is again brought before us by study of the most stupendous fact in the history of Christianity, it may be interesting to briefly consider some of the beliefs of other nations. While it is the high prerogative of our Scripture to prove the absolute certainty of existence after death by the sure word of God, yet is it well known that belief in a future state of some kind is universal : that from prehistoric times till the present hour, notwithstanding the mass of superstition with which it has been encrusted, all peoples, the rudest and most polished, the simplest and most learned, have clung to the belief with unyielding tenacity. It has also always held its place as a strong motive power for better living, whether through fear, the hope of reward, or sincere desire to be numbered with the good when this world's fitful day is over.

It would be impossible to give in our limited space any adequate idea of the vast mass of legends and superstitions, a few of them plausible, still fewer lovely, and the many grotesque and terrible, some of them producing mere vague bewilderment, others received with a full assent that leads to unspeakable bondage. We give a few fragments as specimens.

Among barbarians we find, as would be expected, ghostly horrors and grotesque superstitions. The African tribes appear to have no definite idea of a heaven or a hell; their general conception of a future life is being in company with good or bad spirits, which, especially the bad, are continually haunting them in this life. It is said that an African "would as soon doubt his present as his future state of being. Every dream, every stray suggestion of the brain, is interpreted with unquestioning credence as a visit from the dead, a whisper from a departed soul. Their belief in specters, divination, and witchcraft keeps them well supplied with fearful forebodings. The New Zealanders think the souls of the dead go to a place beneath the earth called Reinga, the path to which is a precipice close to the seashore at the North Cape. It is a superstition with them that the left eye of every chief, after death, becomes a star. The Pleiades are seven New Zealand chiefs, brothers, who were slain in battle, one eye of each as a star being the only part visible. Among the South Sea Islands there is a confused medley of notions as to another life. Some fancy that souls of chiefs are led by a god, whose name means the eyeball of the sun, to a life in the heavens, while plebeian souls wind down to a lugubrious underground abode. Some think that spirits are destroyed in the abode of darkness; others, that they are eaten by a stronger race of spirits; and still others that they survive, living on lizards and butterflies. The belief in the existence of spirits of men is often accompanied, not unnaturally, perhaps, to ignorant minds, with the feeling that everything material has a spirit as well; hence the customs of placing on graves food, clothing, weapons—anything that the departed may be supposed to need in the unknown realm to which he has gone.

Among the Chinese the belief in the continued existence of the spirits of men, and their active participation in everyday life, takes the more agreeable form of worship of ancestors, which is universal throughout the whole empire. No principle, no law, no custom, no religion is so potent, so influential as this worship. It binds society together, from the emperor downward, uniting the living and the dead into one family—the Celestial Empire; and is said to be one of the strongest factors in preserving the unity and stability of the largest nation in the world. In every house there is one or more ancestral tablets inscribed with the names of the dead, before which, every day, ceremonies are performed as directed in the "Book of Rites."

It is believed that each man has three souls: at death one of these goes to heaven, another remains in the grave with the body, and the third returns home, and takes up its abode in the ancestral tablet. At stated times, particularly during the month of April, special worship is paid at the graves. Every man, woman, and child goes to the family tomb, carrying offerings of all sorts,—paper models of various useful articles, which are burned, or “etherialized,” for the benefit of ancestral spirits.

These offerings are made sincerely and devoutly by some, and selfishly by others, who fear the anger of a parent who is in a position to lodge complaints against them in the Celestial Courts. Confucius found this worship so strongly entrenched in the hearts of the people, he very wisely utilized it in his philosophical teachings,—purifying it in some ways, and increasing its power; Buddhism, also, could gain no foothold in China, until it added to its tenets many of the national ideas concerning the dead.

In both Brahmanism and Buddhism, the most prominent doctrine as to a future life is the transmigration of souls. Brahmanism teaches that “the totality of animated beings, from a detestable gnat to thundering Indra, constitute one fraternal race, constantly interchanging their residences in a succession of rising and sinking existences, ranging through all the



ANCESTRAL TABLET.

earths, heavens, and hells of the universe.” When a man dies, if he has an excess of good deserts over bad ones, he is born as a superior being in one of the heavens. His stay there is decided by the amount of his good deeds. On the

other hand, if wickedness has predominated in his life, he is born as a demon ; or, if he returns to this earth, he is born as a beggar, a leper, a cripple, a rat, a snake, or a louse. The celestial spaces are supposed to be occupied by a large number of heavens, called "derva-lokas," and below the earth are abodes of the wicked, called "navaka." The exuberant imagination of the Hindus gives most vivid description of rewards and punishments. Heaven is described as "full of fragrance and music ; abounding in delicious fruits and birds of gorgeous plumage, crystal streams embedded with pearls, unruffled lakes where the lotus blooms, palaces of gems, crowds of friends and lovers, endless revelations of truth." Curiously enough, an immense size is considered most desirable. Some of the heavenly inhabitants are described as many miles in height ; one being mentioned with a crown four miles high, and with sixty wagon loads of jewels on his person. The ordinary lifetime of the inhabitants of the "derva-lokas" is nine billion two hundred and sixteen million of our years. They breathe only once in sixteen hours. The description of the abode of the wicked is correspondingly horrible, and great ingenuity is shown in the imaginary punishments for particular sins. For instance, a glutton is doomed to insatiable hunger in a body as large as three mountains, and a mouth no larger than the eye of a needle. One of their sacred books says, "The being who is still subject to birth, may now sport in the beautiful gardens of heaven, now be cut to pieces in hell ; now sip nectar, now drink blood ; now reside in a mansion of gold, now be exposed on a mountain of lava ; now sit on the throne of the gods, now be impaled amidst hungry dogs ; now eat ambrosia as a monarch ; now writhe and die as a rat, in shriveling flame." Can we wonder that the great aim among the Hindus is to find relief from repeated births. This belief has given rise to a class of men called fakeers, or holy men, in India, who endeavor to lay up merit by constantly placing themselves in some uncomfortable position till they become still and useless, or by incessant meditation try to make them ready to be absorbed in Buddha.



A SON CARRYING HOME THE SOUL OF HIS FATHER IN HIS CLOTHES.

Buddhism has many things in common with Brahmanism,—the same ideas

as to transmigration, and of the abodes of the good and the bad, and of their rewards and punishments. The historic Buddha, or Gotama, who was born about six centuries before Christ, denied the claim of the Brahmaus that no one could be emancipated from many births unless born as a Brahman, and unless he passed through the various rites and degrees of their order. He took the monopoly of religion out of the hands of a priesthood, and proclaimed emancipation for every creature. This emancipation, however, was to be obtained only after almost interminable and painful effort. "Upon a



A HINDU FAKEER.

time, some being, perhaps then incarnate as a mosquito alighting on a muddy leaf in some swamp, pauses for a while to muse. Looking up through infinite stella systems to the throne and scepter of absolute immensity, he vows within himself, 'I will become a Buddha!' From that moment, no matter in what forms he is successively born, he is a Bodhisat,—a candidate for the empty throne at the apex of the universe from which the last Buddha has been absorbed into Nirvana. Just what this Nirvana is has been the subject

of much discussion: some maintaining that it corresponds to our doctrine of annihilation; others, that it is a conscious, eternal rest and freedom from desire.



CEMETERY OF PILGRIMS AT MECCA

In marked contrast to this eager search for the unknown, the almost frantic effort to lay up merit for a future life of the Brahman and the Buddhist, is the hopeless fatalism of the Mohammedan. In Mohammedan countries the

greater part of the people are passive: wars and revolutions rage around them; they accept them as the decrees of a fate it is useless to strive against. The one common duty laid upon the faithful, is to be the agents of God's vengeance on those who believe not. The paradise described by the Koran has been said to be a celestial harem. It says: "They shall dwell in gardens of delight; reposing on couches adorned with gold and precious stones, sitting opposite to one another thereon. Youths who shall continue in their bloom forever shall go round about to attend them, with goblets, and beakers, and a cup of flowing wine, and with fruits of the sorts which they shall choose, and the flesh of birds of the kind which they shall desire. And there shall accompany them fair damsels, having large black eyes resembling pearls hidden in their shells, as a reward for that which they shall have wrought; and the companions of the right hand shall have their abode under an extended shade, near a flowing water, and amidst fruits in abundance; and they shall repose themselves on lofty beds. . . . And the companions of the left hand (how miserable shall the companions of the left hand be!) shall dwell amidst burning winds and scalding water, under the shade of a black smoke neither cool nor agreeable." The one act which a Mohammedan considers more meritorious than any other, is a visit to the sacred city of Mecca. They believe that every one who walks seven times around the great temple there, kissing the sacred stone, will be sure to enter paradise. Thousands upon thousands from all parts of the world make a pilgrimage thither every year, quite willing to die after they have touched the sacred shrine; multitudes do die, as the vast cemetery for pilgrims testifies. We give a small section of this cemetery.

Our limited space gives opportunity for only the most meager glances at the ethnic beliefs as to a future state; but even the least fragment shows the blind groping after something higher, and the hopelessness as to its achievement. Ah! the blessedness of having such a leader as our Lord Jesus Christ! One who knows the way, and will lead us in it; who is the fountain of all truth, and will make it plain to us; who has lived the life, and bids us follow in His footsteps. May He soon be known in the uttermost parts of the earth!

INDIA.

"PERADVENTURE HE SLEEPETH."

BY MISS HATTIE L. BRUCE.

"THOU knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that." Surely we had no idea that our moonlight excursion to Arphal on the Saturday before Christmas would be fraught with special significance to the villagers

there. We were tired, after an unusually busy week, and found ourselves easily persuaded by the magic of the big, round moon, long since a friend of ours, to venture out once more into her domains.

“Will it rest you to go?” was the question put to us on the morning of that day; and had we not been able to answer “Yes,” our plans would doubtless have been overruled. As it was, we had no time to communicate with Vithoba, the preacher at Waduth, and took his family quite by surprise when we looked in upon them in the early evening. He himself had just returned from Arphal a few moments before, and was now off somewhere in the village, but would be home directly. After waiting a while, however, we asked that Vithoba should follow us along the path to Arphal, and ourselves started off under the guidance of a woman who was just returning from Satara to the village whither we were bound.

“My father was in Arphal the other day,” I said. “He had such a pleasant time, we thought we too would come and look upon your village in the moonlight. Did you meet him?”

“No,” she replied; “I knew he was there, but there was no occasion for a poor woman like me to put myself forward when a *sahib* was visiting the *patil*. The only reason why I am talking with you, is because you are a *bayako manūs*” (woman men.)

“So there is a special mission for *bayaka manasè* in this world,” I thought; and we went on talking pleasantly together till Vithoba came up with us, quite out of breath: some one shouted out from the adjoining field, “Master, is this you? How happens it that you are traveling again over your afternoon’s road?” Then, hearing Vithoba’s cordial explanation, he asked, “Have they brought the pictures?” (magic lantern.)

We wished we had, and realized as never before what lasting impressions can be made upon the village people through evangelistic efforts in their behalf. By this time we had reached the stream that borders the little village of Arphal, and the woman, in showing me the narrowest crossing place, and pointing out the stones on which I must step, amused me very much by saying, “Lift up your *lugadi*” (the native dress). “My *lugadi*?” I repeated mischievously, just to see what she would say; and she answered, “You know very well what I mean.”

We turned a corner, and suddenly came upon a temple scene. Something was happening that, in a little out-of-the-way place like Arphal, only happens once or twice a year. A crowd had gathered about the monkey god, Maruti, supposed guardian of villagers, to make inquiries concerning a sick woman who seemed to be lying at the point of death in an adjoining courtyard. Their god had deigned to answer them once by the dropping of

a particular grain of wheat; and just as we came in sight the worshipers, knowing Vithoba for a friend, and implicitly trusting us in a way that became more and more pathetic as the evening advanced, shared with us the communication they had received that the woman was suffering from some natural illness, not any devilish possession. So far, so good. If a natural illness, it was very likely to yield to natural remedies. And now, after this little interim, they were about to ask their god a second question: "Would the sick woman begin to recover during the next eight days, or would she die?"

"And will your God actually tell you?" we inquired, by way of mild protest.

"Yes; why not? The grains of wheat fall. We place nine on the right side and seven on the left." And then one and another of the credulous worshipers began to explain the whole method of procedure in detail; but we could not quite understand.

"Why not let us come into the temple while you ask your next question?" we suggested.

"You will call our God a liar," they replied.

"No; we will not call your god any names, and we will stand as far away from him as you please."

Thus were we permitted to enter the sacred precincts. The moonlight flooded the temple, where lamps and bits of camphor were also burning; and as we looked upon the stone idol Maruti, it seemed as if he had not quite waked up to the gravity of the situation. This is a god, by the way, whom the villagers believe to be often weary, sitting as he does, night and day, in so constrained a position against the wall; and the most devout among his worshipers try sometimes to rest him by the massage treatment, just as though his cold, unyielding limbs could feel the pressure of human hands.

"We can see everything nicely from here," we said, "except the wheat grains; where are they?"

"Here, here," they answered, pointing; but even the Indian full moon cannot make visible such small objects at a distance of several yards, and, besides, the priest was sitting in his own light, there in that dark recess. Neither were the worshipers who had gathered about him quite satisfied with the position of affairs; so as we asked to step a little nearer, the thought seemed to strike them all at once that there was no reason why their priest should not come down those two stone steps, and sit on the floor in plain sight. Feeling the same impulse himself, and perhaps hardly realizing how near to us he came, he proceeded without hesitation to wet a bamboo fan

with water, and press upon it, more or less heavily, nine grains of wheat at the right and seven at the left, in a regular row. Then, placing the fan in an upright position, so that as it should dry the wheat grains would fall one by one, he began to pray in tones that were modulated for effect: “O Maruti-raya, our Lord and Master, you have been graciously pleased to answer one question to-night. Now we ask you another. You know whether the sick woman will die or live. O God, reveal this unto us! If a grain from among those at your right hand fall first, we accept it as a token that within eight days she will begin to recover. We plead for this favorable answer, O Maruti-raya, our great God!”

Then at short intervals, while we were watching for the life or death signal, he repeated, “A favorable answer, O Maruti-raya, our great God!”

Finally one of the grains lost its hold upon the drying bamboo, and fell to the floor. Alas, it was one of the seven, from the god’s left hand! A woman, sister-in-law of her who had been doomed to die, bowed down till her head touched the stone pavement. Could it be that Maruti’s heart was as hard and cold as his temple? “Plead for me,” she said.

And then the priest began again: “Our Lord and Master, isn’t there some mistake about this? Surely there must be! Won’t you change your mind? If we have done wrong, forgive us, and in token of forgiveness drop one of the nine grains! Once more we seek to know your gracious will. If another grain from the left hand fall, it will confirm the falling of the first; yet we pray not for this, but forgiveness, and thy favorable right hand, oh, our Lord, our Master!”

Almost immediately one of the nine grains dropped to the floor. “A favorable answer,” they all cried, as the priest brushed the other clinging grains from the bamboo.

The suspense is over! The god has changed his mind, and given his pledge that the sick woman shall recover. Now let the bugles shriek and shriek again their message through all the stillness of the night, till each humble villager becomes a sharer in the common joy!

We may not linger in our narrative, as we were then privileged to do among a people whose trustfulness and simplicity seemed wonderful as contrasted with the attitude of our nearer neighbors, the city folks. It was a memorable evening, and ended as it began, with no jarring of that strange sympathy that existed between us.

An hour or two after our departure, the sick woman whom Maruti had promised to restore to health, died. The people were awe-stricken. “Does Maruti care nothing for his word,” they said among themselves, “or nothing for his reputation?” What an opportunity we gave him to prove himself a

great god! If his word had been fulfilled, we would have said to the Christians, 'You must add your testimony to ours that Maruti promised us the life of this dying woman, and then restored her.' But now, how can we look the Christians in the face? Oh, our Lord and Master, what were you thinking of when you said one thing and did another? If she was to die, you might at least have waited a decent length of time, and not taken her at eleven o'clock."

In such a frame of mind Vithoba found them the next morning. "What can the lower gods do when Parameshwar (the supreme God) snaps the thread of human life?" they said, apologetically. "But tell us one thing, how did the sahib and missi-bai happen over here at just the nick of time to make us so ashamed of our gods? Why did you not tell us in the afternoon that they were coming?"

"I did not know it myself," Vithoba replied. "God must have sent them to this village to convince you that there is one only way of salvation, through His Son, Jesus Christ."

And the puzzled people could say nothing but this: "If you had heard what we were planning, and telegraphed them to come, it would be plain; but now we cannot understand it at all. Why, we only inquire of Maruti about once in six months or a year!"

SATARA, INDIA, JAN. 2, 1894.

LETTER FROM MRS. E. S. HUME.

DEAR FRIENDS: Our leaving the home land was so full of thoughts of preparation for coming away, and of the dear ones from whom we had to come away, that we did not have the time nor the opportunity to bid good-bye to the half of you all. It was in my heart to write a little individual note to the various societies and circles who have given us such kindly greeting, and who have always been so cordial. But last days are always full, and ours were full to the brim, up to the time of our sailing. My heart has been so often with one and another whom I cannot now mention by name, but to whom I should like to send a "good-bye" message, and the request that you would all always remember us and the dear work in Bombay, that I have spelled my good-bye in messages, from the best words I can find; words which I should like to send to one and to all who know us, and who read the pages of LIFE AND LIGHT.

"God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love."

"Our mouth is open unto you; our heart is enlarged."

"O ye daughters of Jersusalem."

"Distributing to the necessities of the saints."

“Be watchful and strenghten the things that remain.”

“Ye serve the Lord Christ.”

“Exhort one another and build each other up, as also ye do!”

When Mr. Hume learned of my message to you, he asked to be allowed to add his ‘farewell,’ as he has many times been amongst you in the women’s meetings, even as a brother; so I give you his message as well. He would have you pray earnestly that a new blessing may attend our return to the work in dear Bombay.

“For a great door and effectual is opened unto us.”

“And there are many adversaries.”

“Remember ye not that when I was with you I told you these things?”

“Even as it came to pass!”

“Who is there even among you that would shut the door?”

“Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations; spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes.”

“Let my cry come before thee, O Lord; give me understanding according to thy word.”

“Let the people praise thee, O God! let all the people praise thee!”

Pray for us; help us; and may we all rejoice with one another, in that God hears and answers these prayers, and does indeed magnify himself in the work of his servants in all lands.

Very sincerely,

CHARLOTTE E. HUME.

LETTER FROM MR. AND MRS. KARMARKAR.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Karmarkar will be glad to read the following extracts from a recent letter:—

SINCE leaving America we passed through England, saw a few places of note, and heard some notable ministers. We broke our journey at Port Said, and visited Palestine and Egypt. We are so thankful that the Lord permitted us to see these sacred places; for they enlarged our knowledge of the Bible, and confirmed our faith in it. We felt, also, in a peculiar manner, the nearness of our Lord as we trod upon the ground which he himself walked upon nineteen centuries ago. This is a very precious experience to us.

The moment we stepped on the shores of Bombay our hearts were filled with joy, and a strange feeling of Divine presence came over us. We reconsecrated ourselves for the great work to which the Lord has called us. On the third day after our landing the Bombay church gave us a reception, where many of our friends expressed a great joy at seeing us again. A little boy and a girl from the mission school decked us with beautiful garlands on this occasion.

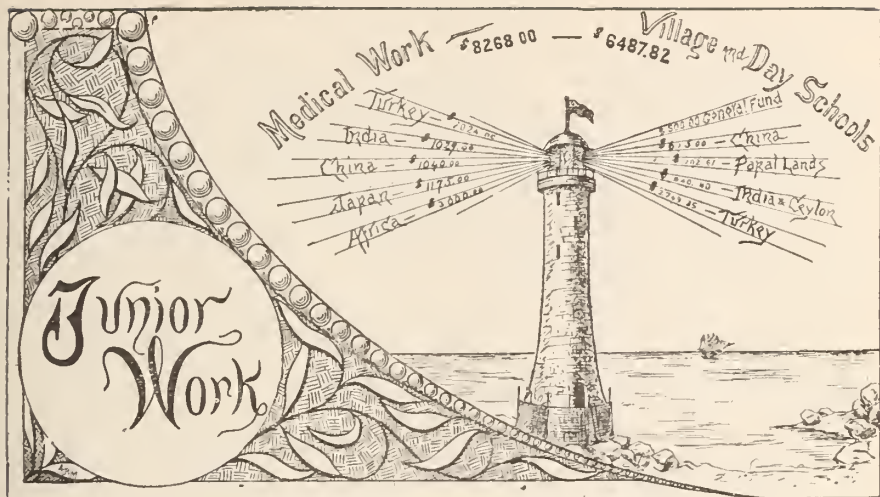
After spending a week in Bombay we went to Belgaum, the native place of Mrs. Karmarkar, where her relatives greeted her with great joy. Also the people of that town gave us a reception, which was attended by over four hundred educated Hindus and other nationalities. A printed address was presented to us at that meeting; Mrs. Karmarkar responded to it in English. This was a novel sight, as she was the first Hindu lady who spoke in that town in English on a public platform.

We then went to Ahmednagar, for the annual meeting of the Congregational churches of Deccan. We took a leading part at this gathering. There were over five hundred native Christians who partook communion Sunday afternoon. At my suggestion, and under my leadership, the Conference was closed with a consecration meeting. Before we dispersed, we consecrated ourselves by repeating together the words of Paul, "I am crucified with Christ: . . . yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." This is our motto for the coming year. We wish many of our friends in the distant land had seen this imposing and encouraging sight.

On account of the absence of two of our Bombay missionaries, Rev. E. S. Hume and Rev. J. E. Abbott, we were asked to visit Southern Koncan, and strengthen the native brethren in that field. We gave lectures in different towns and villages on America: its People and Religion; and Dr. Karmarkar treated a good number of sick people. During this tour she set a good many dislocated joints. In one village a man called at our bungalow in the morning and requested us to go to his house to see his aged father, who had been suffering for four months from hip trouble. We were to leave the village in the afternoon, and on our way we called on him, when he told us a sad tale of the sudden death of his wife soon after he left us in the morning. While we were talking on the road, the old man came there himself with great difficulty, with the aid of a cane. Upon examination by the roadside, dislocation of the hip joint was revealed; also marks of branding were seen on the hip. We made him drink a glass of milk, and after which the dislocation was set in a moment. A large number of bystanders, hearing the bone go into its socket, at once ran home and brought their sick ones to be treated by this "clever doctor." We were detained here for over an hour.

Our tour was quite successful; many were encouraged, many were healed, many prejudices were removed through medicine, and many heard for the first time the gospel message from a Hindu lady.

In January we hope to start our work at Bassein—a pleasant town of eleven thousand inhabitants, surrounded by many populous villages; but there is not a single Christian worker. We shall need your assistance in various ways in this work.



—To give light to them that sit in darkness Luke 4:77—

PRISCILLA'S ANGEL CAKE.

(Concluded.)

PRISCILLA went back to her mother with quicker step and brighter face than she had worn since she came. She had something definite to do. Her offers of help up to this point had been met with: "Oh, no; you needn't do anything. There's very little to be done these days, mercy knows, and I'd rather do it than not; my hand is in, and such work don't fit your clothes." Priscilla had felt like one dazed, but she was waking up. Her mother watched her with curious eyes while she went swiftly about her new work. It was a surprise to her to see Priscilla move rapidly, her steps had been so slow and languid since she came home; the mother had not supposed that she knew how to hurry. To be sure there had been nothing to hurry for. The angel cakes were finished, two of them, and set in the dreary show window. Then Priscilla took them away again, and polished the glass, and wiped off the seat of the window, and brought a square of white linen from her trunk and spread on it, and brought some tissue paper, which she fringed and wove in some mysterious manner around the plates which bore the cakes. "I declare!" said her mother, when she came in from the back room, "you've made it look just like a picture. But the folks about here don't care for such things. I'm afraid you will be disappointed. That kind of woman who came in this morning don't come here. We've lived in this place for four years and we never had a call for angel cake before. I don't believe we ever will again."

"Perhaps the same woman will come back for something," said Priscilla. "I think she was a stranger, and perhaps—" she broke off to dash to the door, the wind blowing her hair in little brown rings into her eyes. "I beg your pardon," she said hastily to a passer-by, "but we have angel cake now."

"Oh, have you?" said the same sweet-voiced woman. "I had given it up, and was going to be contented with sponge, which I don't like. Why, how very nice it looks! I am delighted to find it. I got the impression this morning that you never kept it."

"Yes'm," said Priscilla, "we do, not in stock; but we will be glad to furnish it at any time." Priscilla's mother looked on amazed. The cake was bought, and paid for, and Priscilla tucked it daintily into the lady's basket, putting a sheet of the fringed tissue over it.

"It looks very nice," the lady said again, satisfaction in her tone. "I should not wonder if my sister-in-law would like the other: we both have company. I'll tell her about it."

Sure enough, within the hour the "sister-in-law" sent for the other cake, and Priscilla's mother said, "Well, I never!"

All the evening there was an air of unusual interest in the usually dull little bakery. Such a stroke of business as had been accomplished in a half hour that afternoon had not been their experience for years.

It is a long story; nothing would give me greater pleasure than to tell it to you in detail, were there time: how by degrees the old run-down bakery took on a new look, and started out afresh on the race for life. Not only angel cakes, but gems, and cunning little cup cakes, and lovely oval-shaped, crisp-looking "Johnnycakes," and delicious sugar cookies, vied with the home-made candies of various shapes and styles, which the cunning Priscilla knew how to fashion. Meantime the father was kept busy; so many people coming for cake, and wanted something else which they happened to see, or asked for something which he knew he could get down town, that the next day he had the thing asked for.

"I don't know what has come over folks," he said; "they wouldn't come in to see what we had; they all trotted down to the corner below."

"Our window looks nicer than the corner below," said John, with a satisfied tone; "and Chris has a plan to make it look nicer yet."

"And they don't keep angel cake nor candies at the corner below," said little Dick; "they don't keep nothing homemade. Prissie, Johnnie Talbot's mother, says she wants four angel cakes to-morrow for company."

"We've struck angels," said the father, significantly; "that's what's the matter."

But about the five dollars? Priscilla herself was no less astonished than

the rest of them to see how quickly she earned it; her eyes sparkled when she counted it out.

Priscilla resolved to pay in her five dollars without delay; it might get mixed up with other money if she left it. She paid it in at the quarterly meeting. It created a sensation. The girls asked many questions, and talked it and her over the next day when a half dozen of them met at Mr. Harter's.

"Girls, did you know that Prissie earned that money herself making angel cake and things! And did you know she was the daughter of that old man on the corner of West Street and the Avenue, who keeps a horrid little bakery? I never knew it until yesterday."

Then Alice Symonds: "It isn't 'horrid' any more; it has reformed. I was by there yesterday, and the show window looks beautiful. Prissie is a remarkable girl, I think."

Silence for a minute, then Abbie Stuart, thoughtfully: "We might give her a lift in the way of angel cake; we are all fond of it. I wonder if she can make nice ones?"

Then Lucia, eagerly. "You never tasted better; it is just as light as feathers. I was in Mrs. Eastman's, yesterday, and she gave me a piece. That is a good idea of Abbie's; let's introduce our mothers to the West Street corner. I heard of lots of other nice things that she makes."

Then little Grace Farrand, who always thought before she spoke: "Girls, Prissie's five dollars must have been a sacrifice. Did you truly any of you ever sacrifice anything to give to missions? I never did. When I heard Mr. Kinsman tell about how even the heathen sacrifice to help others, I felt ashamed. And when Prissie brought her five dollars I was more ashamed, to think we were going to give just that amount, and no more."

Mr. Kinsman was the son of a missionary, and was being educated for the foreign field. Mr. Harter, who knew all about missionaries, had secured him to give a talk to the Young Ladies' Band, and he was their guest for the time being.

"Hear! hear!" said Lucia. "Grace always speaks to the point. I felt qualms of conscience myself. I say, girls, let us each turn over a new leaf; let us sacrifice."

"What?" asked Avis Moore. "Caramels?" There was a general laugh; Lucia was especially fond of caramels, but she held her ground.

"You needn't laugh; I mean it. Yes, caramels, and creams, and kid gloves, and anything else that expresses our besetments. Do you like to have Prissie the only one of our number who gives because her heart is in it?"

There was a rustling of papers in the library, and a man's voice said, "Ahem." The chattering tongues stopped, and the girls looked startled.

“It is only Mr. Kinsman,” explained Laura Harter.

“Who knew he was there?” said Lucia. “I hope he hasn’t heard us go on.”

“Oh, no!” said Laura; “he is deep in the morning papers, and don’t hear anything. He is going to stay over and speak for the Twelfth Street Bands to-night. Wasn’t he splendid yesterday? I wish we could support him entirely when he goes out; and his wife, if he can find one to go with him.”

Whereat an amused smile hovered for a moment about Mr. Kinsman’s mouth; but he arose as one who could not find it in his conscience to make a longer stay in that library. He remembered the girl they called Prissie the evening before, and had been tempted to hear what he could about her. An hour afterwards he was buying home-made chocolate creams at the corner of West Street and the Avenue. Prissie waited on him, and felt honored. She had been introduced to him the evening before.

“I am deeply interested in the sacrifices the young ladies of the churches are ready to make for missions,” he said, lingering to talk over the prospects of the band. “Of course I was brought up on missions before I came home to be educated; and mother and father’s letters have kept the fire glowing. May I ask what has developed your zeal in that direction? Have you friends in the foreign field?”

“Oh, no!” said Prissie, blushing and feeling like a hypocrite. “I don’t know much about missions. My auntie liked me to belong to the mission band, because she was president of the Woman’s Society; and I liked to belong because I enjoyed meeting the girls, and having a good time. I really never thought much about the ‘missions’ part of it. Auntie furnished me the money to give, and of course I liked to give it. I have thought a little more about things since I began to,—well, to earn the money. I wondered whether it paid to give so much,—when you hadn’t much yourself, I mean. Yesterday, after hearing what you said, I decided that it did.”

“I should like to tell you more;” he said. “I should like you to know about some girls away on the other side of the world who are sacrificing, oh! you could hardly understand how much they sacrifice, for the sake of helping others. My mother writes me about them. Are you going to the Twelfth Street Band meeting this evening? Then may I call for you, and on the way tell you something about my mother’s girls?”

Just a year from the day in which Prissie came home to live, the Young Ladies’ Band held its annual meeting. The president was ill, and Prissie had been asked to preside. Her hands had been very full for several days beforehand with reports, and accounts, and the annual address. But father, and mother, and the boys had all been eager to advise and help.

"Our Prissie will be the prettiest one there," little Dick volunteered as she stood in the front room ready to start.

Down at the church there was a large gathering, and after the meeting a social time, in which there was great rejoicing. The address had been grand. The girls, with one consent, had insisted upon having Mr. Kinsman again; they liked him better than anybody else. Their elders, after hearing him, said they had chosen wisely. Dr. Reeder, a former pastor of the church, was present.

"It was a grand address," he said, "and a splendid meeting; that young woman who presided would do for the president of the great Board meeting. I don't remember her. Are they newcomers? By the way, Miss Lucia," catching sight of the treasurer just then, "I was simply amazed at your financial report! You have more than doubled your receipts this year, I notice. How have you raised the money?"

"It was done through the instrumentality of angel cake, sir, chiefly," said Lucia, with grave face and laughing eyes.

A chorus of laughter from the girls pointed her words, while the mystified doctor said, "Indeed! I am not surprised to hear that angels had to do with it; but the cake part bewilders me."

Across the church, moving down the other aisle in company with many other promenaders, were Prissie and Mr. Kinsman, engaged in such earnest conversation that though the girls called out to her, "Prissie, Prissie Bate-man, come here; we want you to explain something," she heard not a word.

The girls watched her, and exchanged significant glances and laughed. "We can support our missionary and his wife, too, next year, just as we planned; can't we?" said Lucia. "But, oh dear! after she is gone, what shall we do for inspiration and angel cake?"

SOME JUNIOR RALLIES IN SUFFOLK BRANCH.

Two meetings have been held in Boston of late, both of which were of exceptional interest to the Junior workers of Suffolk Branch. The first was the annual meeting of the young ladies' societies, held in the chapel of Park Street Church on Saturday, February 17th. This was the third of these gatherings, and none who were present could have failed to be impressed with the growth in interest manifested, and the power there is in concerted action. The efficient labors of Miss Mary B. Little, Assistant Secretary for Young People's Work in Suffolk Branch, have borne rich fruit, nearly every society having been visited by her, the covenant widely introduced, and the

best interests of the work and the workers fostered. Mrs. L. C. Purington, Secretary for Young People's Work in this Branch, presided. The devotional half hour with which the afternoon session of the meeting opened, was led by Mrs. G. W. Brooks, of Dorchester, and was sustained throughout in a spirit of marked earnestness by the many who participated. If, as we believe, the hope of our Woman's Board for future years lies in the Christian zeal and self-sacrificing devotion of these young disciples, surely in this sweet hour of prayer, and in the reports which followed, was reason for rejoicing. Papers were read by Miss Alice M. Jordan, of Auburndale, on "The Duties of Officers and Members"; by Miss Marion Gay, of Union Church, Boston, on "Finance"; and by Miss Little on "The Daughters of the Covenant." A good number who had not previously signed the Covenant did so at this time. During the intermission of an hour and a half, supper was most hospitably served by the young ladies of Park Street Church, and opportunity was given for social intercourse. The evening session was opened with devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. I. J. Lansing. The usual addresses of welcome and responses followed, and an open parliament called forth items of missionary intelligence from all parts of the field. Interesting addresses were made by Miss Daniels of Harpoot, and Mr. Kingman of China; and so ended another season of communion on matters pertaining to this great business of the King.

The second meeting, to which reference has been made, was a smaller gathering, but of no less importance in its bearing upon the future interests of our work,—the first annual meeting of Children's Societies of Suffolk Branch, held on the afternoon of Saturday, February 24th, in the chapel of Shawmut Church. Extreme cold weather failed to chill the ardor of the young hearts who gathered from the suburbs, as well as from nearer localities in the city proper. Mrs. E. B. Evans, Branch Secretary for Children's Work, presided. The children reported good work done in their societies, and listened to chalk talks from Miss Child, of the Woman's Board, and Miss E. F. Merrill. There were also exercises consisting of music and recitations by the little people, under the leadership of Miss J. A. Hobbs, of Shawmut Church.

K. G. L.

FOR CHILDREN'S MEETINGS.

At this season, when swelling buds and bright blossoms are all reminding us of Christ's sweet words, "Because I live, ye shall live also," it would be well to turn the thoughts of the children toward those other children who have no Easter, because they have no Christ. Choose for a Scripture lesson

the raising of Jairus' daughter, or let the children bring texts showing Christ's power over death. Then contrast the Christian's hope with the hopelessness of the African tribes, which have no faith in any future life, or the distress of the child widows of India, who only hope for a future and happier existence in another life on earth. Let the following Easter song be given.

Have you seen the leaves of the Easter flowers,
 Pure and white,
 Unfolding their petals, one by one,
 To greet the light?
 Christ the Lord is fair to see,
 Seated above in his royalty.

RESPONSE.

This does it mean to you,
 And this does it mean to me;
 But what does it mean to the heathen child
 Who dwells far over the sea?

A good poem for a recitation to follow out this line of thought, may be found in the *Dayspring* for November, 1882, "What Makes You to Differ?"

Our Work at Home.

PROPORTIONATE GIVING.

MEMBERS of our auxiliaries have doubtless received a copy of the report of the committee on systematic and proportionate giving, which was adopted at our annual meeting in Boston, and printed in the March *LIFE AND LIGHT*. We trust that the matter will be taken up heartily and perseveringly by all our constituency. The committee to be appointed by the executive committee of the Board, as recommended in the report, have already been chosen. They are Miss A. B. Child, Mrs. Joseph Cook, and Mrs. C. L. Goodell, of Boston, Mrs. F. N. Peloubet, of Auburndale, Mrs. Joshua Coit, of Winchester, Mrs. A. Lincoln, of Wollaston, and Mrs. A. F. Rolfe, of Concord. Any of these ladies will be glad to correspond with any who may wish to take up the matter, and to give any explanations that may be desired. By the first of April the committee hope to have a good supply of literature on the subject, both from our own Board and from other women's missionary societies.

As a little explanation of terms seems necessary, we wish to say that we understand systematic giving to mean some fixed plan of giving, such as the envelope system, monthly or weekly pledges, mite boxes, and other regular methods. Proportionate giving is the laying aside of a certain proportion of

one's income for benevolent purposes, and, where it is feasible, a certain proportion of what is thus laid aside for the work of the Board. It is proportionate giving that it is especially desired should be introduced in our auxiliaries during the year. We believe that if it could be universally done by all members of Christian churches the problem of sufficient funds for the many departments of Christian work would be solved. If our constituency will take up the matter with their usual energy and perseverance, we believe much can be accomplished before the end of the present year.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

BY MRS. JOSEPH COOK.

THERE are, doubtless, many readers of LIFE AND LIGHT who do more or less home missionary work in the attempt by persuasion and argument to interest their uninterested friends and acquaintances in foreign missions. As an aid to this much-needed work, the following books are suggested:—

“Foreign Missions After a Century.” By the Rev. James S. Dennis, D.D. F. H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago, 1893. 12mo., pp. 368.

No one who desires to keep abreast with the latest and most strategic facts in foreign missions, can afford to be without this book of Dr. Dennis' to read, mark, and mentally and spiritually assimilate.

It is not a book to borrow from a friend or take from a library. One must own it, for it is invaluable for reference, and the reader is constantly grateful to the author for the results of his painstaking researches in the history for the past hundred years of what Bishop Thoburn calls “The leading enterprise of the coming century, the most sacred enterprise of all centuries.” Dr. Dennis has not omitted the index, which is an indispensable addition to such a work, and he has also added in the appendix a select bibliography of recent literature on missions, mentioning only volumes published since 1890. These volumes are arranged under the following heads:—

1. Historical, Philosophical, and General.
2. Biographical.
3. Literature on Special Fields.
4. Literature of Comparative Religion.
5. Periodical Literature.
6. Encyclopedias and reports.

The six lectures of Dr. Dennis which make up this volume, were delivered in the spring of 1893 before the faculty and students of Princeton Theological Seminary. The establishment of lectureships on missions in our prominent theological seminaries is a sign of the times. The indifference to foreign missions, which is the result of ignorance, will not be tolerated in the younger ministers, and may the day speedily come when such indifference cannot be asserted without shame, as it is too often now, by professing Christians of either sex.

“A Modern Paul in Japan.” 12mo., pp. 178. Congregational Publishing Society, Boston and Chicago.

To those who are influenced by the story of a noble life,—and who of us is not?—this biography of Rev. Paul Sawayama will be found spiritually stimulating. It is a brief sketch of a Japanese Christian, written by a Japanese Christian, with an introduction by Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D.D., of Cambridge.

Paul Sawayama was the leader of the movement to found the Independent Christian Church of Japan, as Joseph Neesima was the pioneer of Christian education. These men, who died in the midst of their usefulness, are spoken of by Mr. Namse in his prefatory title as “the two great captains of Christ in Japan.” The early pages of this book give the reader a glimpse into the home life of a Japanese family, self-respecting and high-toned, though still non-Christian.

The biographer says: “Our chief negative commandments were, Do not lie, do not steal, do not covet; and the training which we received in the keeping of these was constant and emphatic. . . . Such precepts as the following were helpful in our efforts to examine ourselves and repent of our faults: I daily examine myself on three points; whether in transacting business for others I may have been unfaithful; whether in intercourse with friends I may have been insincere; whether I have mastered and practiced the instruction of my teachers.”—Pp. 25, 27. Christian families in the Occident will do well to read and heed the precepts and practice, in many particulars, of this non-Christian family in the Orient.

“Prince Siddartha, The Japanese Buddha.” By the Rev. J. L. Atkinson. Congregational Publishing Society Boston and Chicago. 12mo., pp. 309.

Dharmapala, the Buddhist propagandist, at the Parliament of Religions, made a special point of the fact that when he asked how many in that great assembly had read the life of Buddha, only five hands were raised. If he had asked how many had read Sir Edwin Arnold’s “Light of Asia,” which is practically the life of Buddha, hundreds of hands would have been raised. One of our missionaries in Japan, who has been there for many years and is an authority on all Japanese questions, social, political, and religious, has made a translation of the life of the Japanese Buddha used by the major part of the Buddhists of Japan. Mr. Atkinson says that while “the present English text of this biography is not a literal translation of the Japanese work, yet it follows the original quite closely, and no important element has been omitted.” The book is dedicated to the young people of the Christian Endeavor Societies, “with the sincere hope that its perusal may make clear to them the vital difference between the Light of Asia and the Light

of the World." Dr. F. E. Clark writes a most cordial introduction. He thinks whoever reads this book will rise from his perusal with the feeling, "If Buddhism has nothing better to offer to the world than the life of Prince Siddartha, the religion of Christ need not tremble."

TOPICS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS.

April.—Easter Service, see LIFE AND LIGHT for March.

May.—Schools of the Board in Micronesia and Papal Lands.

June.—Temperance Work in Mission Lands.

SCHOOLS OF THE BOARD IN MICRONESIA AND PAPAL LANDS.

TOPIC FOR MAY.

THE only school in Micronesia is the one in Kusaie. For information, see LIFE AND LIGHT for October and December, 1889, September, 1891, August, 1892. Also leaflet, "A Day in Kusaie" (price two cents).

FOR SCHOOLS IN PAPAL LANDS.

San Sebastian, Spain.—See LIFE AND LIGHT for May, 1880, April, 1885, December, 1888, February and November, 1892, April and November, 1893. *Krabschitz, Austria.*—LIFE AND LIGHT for July, 1885, July, 1889, leaflet, "Children in Papal Lands" (price 4 cents). *Chihuahua, Mexico.*—LIFE AND LIGHT for August, 1885, May, 1887, September and November, 1892. A Historical Sketch of the Missions of the A. B. C. F. M. in Papal Lands," will afford material on general missionary work in the three places mentioned (price 6 cents).

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Receipts from January 18 to February 18, 1894.

MISS ELLEN CARRUTH, Treasurer.

MAINE.

<i>Auburn.</i> —Elizabeth, Harold and Helen Pingue,	1 69
<i>Castine.</i> —Desert Palm Soc'y,	20 00
<i>Maine Branch.</i> —Mrs. Woodbury S. Dana, Treas. Auburn, High St. C. C., 75; Bath, Central Ch. and Soc'y, 26; Madison, Aux., 14.30; Wmthrop, Ladies of C. C., 5; Gorham, Aux., add'l 5; Yarmouth, First C. C., 17; Rockland, M. C., 10; Westbrook, C. C., 26.45; Jonesport, Miss'y Soc'y of Union C. C., 3; Portland, V. L. M. B., 256.55, High St. Ch., Aux., 43, Seamen's Bethel Ch., M. C., 8.50, V. P. S. C. E., 15; Waterville, Aux., 17; Waterford, Aux., a Friend, in mem. of Anna Palmer, and to const. L. M. Miss L. B. Johnson, 25; Bangor, Aux., 21, Mrs. Joseph Blake's Cl. in Central Ch., S. S., 20,	590 80
Total,	612 49

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

<i>New Hampshire Branch.</i> —Miss A. E. McInture, Treas. Bedford, Aux., 13, Fields M. B., 2; Concord, Aux., 25, a Friend, const. L. M. Mrs. H. P. Dewey, 25, Mrs. J. R. Carpenter, 10, Mrs. S. Seavey, 10; Lebanon, Aux., 5.45; Littleton, 10; Manchester, Franklin St. Ch., Aux., 50, First Ch., Aux., 25; Stratham, Miss O. E. Lane, 1; M. C., 10.35; Temple, Y. P. S. C. E., 10; W. Concord, Aux., 2.70,	199 50
Total,	199 50

VERMONT.

Vermont Branch.—Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas. Bellows Falls, Mt. Kilburn Miss'y Soc'y, 85.65; Barnet, Mrs. Mary M. Gile, 1; Bennington, Junior C. E. Soc'y, Second Ch., 15; Brattleboro, West, Aux., 1.50, M. C., 5; Clarendon, Ladies, 10.30; Corinth, East, 3.52; New Haven, Mrs.

Elisa Meacham, 15; Peru, 5.50; Rupert, S. S., 3; Rutland, King's Daughters and Trm. S. S., 20.27, S. S., 20, Aux., 41.80, scattering Sunday sch's, 16.20; Shoreham, S. S., 15; South Hero, 2; St. Albans, 10; St. Johnsbury, South Ch., S. S., 15, North Ch., Aux., 24; Swanton, S. S., 15; Townshend, Aux., 20,	344 74
<i>Lunenburg.</i> —J. E. King,	2 60
<i>Westfield.</i> —Mrs. C. L. Hitchcock,	10 60
Total,	357 34

MASSACHUSETTS.

<i>Auburn.</i> —Mrs. Mary J. Rich,	20 00
<i>Audover and Woburn Branch.</i> —Mrs. C. E. Swett, Treas. Chelmsford, Aux., 18; Melrose, Junior C. E. Soc'y, 75 cts.; Lowell, Highland Ch., Aux., 15, Kirk St. Ch., 10.20,	43 95
<i>Barnstable Branch.</i> —Miss Amelia Snow, Treas. Falmouth, Aux.,	9 00
<i>Brockton.</i> —Y. People's Miss'y Soc'y of First C. C., 30, a Friend, 5,	35 00
<i>Berkshire Branch.</i> —Mrs. C. E. West, Treas. Adams, Aux., 5.85; Curtisville (of wh. 25 const. L. M. Mrs. Edwin Lambert), 27.30; Great Barrington, 2; South Egremont, 4 16; Pittsfield, First Ch., 12; West Stockbridge, 15.50,	66 81
<i>Franklin Co. Branch.</i> —Miss L. A. Sparhawk, Treas. Deerfield, Aux., 10; South Deerfield, 12.35; Greenfield, 5,	27 35
<i>Gill.</i> —Y. P. S. C. E.,	1 51
<i>Hampshire Co. Branch.</i> —Miss H. J. Kneeland, Treas. Amherst, Aux. (of which 50 const. L. M. Mrs. W. F. Stearns and Mrs. J. P. Kimball), 229.72, Second Ch., Aux., 20; South Amherst, Aux., Thank Off., 8.50; Easthampton, Aux., 110.50,	368 72
<i>Haverhill.</i> —Y. P. S. C. E. of West Ch.,	1 84
<i>Holyoke.</i> —Anne L. Hills,	1 71
<i>Ludlow.</i> —Y. P. S. C. E.,	3 00
<i>Manchester.</i> —Y. P. S. C. E.,	10 00
<i>Methuen.</i> —Infant Cl. of First C. C., 5; Ladies' Miss'y Soc'y of First C. C., 4.70,	9 70
<i>Middlesex Branch.</i> —Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, Treas. Alice D. Adams, const. L. M. Miss Louise Adams Whiting,	25 00
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.</i> —Mrs. Wilson Tirrell, Jr., Treas. Cohasset, Aux.,	10 00
<i>North Abington.</i> —Mrs. Clara D. Jones,	80
<i>North Middlesex Branch.</i> —Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt, Treas. Roxboro, Y. P. S. C. E., 10; Lincoln, Cong. S. S., 20; Harvard, a Friend, 5,	35 00
<i>Shelburne Falls.</i> —"E.,"	2 00
<i>Shutesbury.</i> —A Friend,	40
<i>South Hadley.</i> —Y. P. S. C. E., 14.42, Mt. Holyoke Coll., Aux., 15,	29 42
<i>Springfield Branch.</i> —Miss H. T. Buckingham, Treas. Holyoke, Koen Soc'y of Ind. Ch., 10; Longmeadow, Aux., 6.50; Palmer, Ind. Ch., 40; Springfield, First Ch., Aux., 47.45, North Ch., King's Helpers, 5, Park Ch., Aux., 123.31, Y. P. S. C. E., 5.19, South Ch., Aux., 56.61, Junior Aux., 13.34; Wilbraham, Aux., 5,	312 43
<i>Suffolk Branch.</i> —Miss Myra B. Child, Treas. Andoverdale, Aux., 49.15; Boston, William Shaw, 25, Union Ch., Aux. (of which 100 Thank Off.), 133.89, Y. L. M. C., 125, Old South, 260, Shawmut Ch. (of which 75, from Mrs. H. H. Hyde const. L. M.'s Mrs. Wm. E. Barton, Miss Elizabeth Plimpton, and Mrs. Francis H. Raymond), 91.50, Junior Y. P. S. C. E. of	

Shawmut Branch, 10; Brookline, Harvard Ch., Aux., 61.57; Cambridgeport, Y. P. S. C. E. of Prospect St. Ch., 10, Wood Memo. Ch., 10; Chelsea, Aux., First Ch., add'l, 1.56, Third Ch., Floral Circle, 1; Dorchester, Miss M. L. Richardson, 30, Second Ch., Y. L. M. C., 22.90; East Somerville, Mrs. H. C. Howard, 5, Franklin St. Ch., Aux., 28.77; Foxboro, Aux., 40; Jamaica Plain, Central Ch., Aux., 126.50, King's Daughters, 50, Caroline I. Fairbanks, 5; Newton, Eliot Ch., Aux. (of which 25 from a Friend const. L. M. Miss Emily Cobb), 180, Mrs. Billings, 10; Newton Centre, Aux., 35.45; Newtonville, Howe Y. P. S. C. E., 10; Revere, Prim. Dept. of Evang. Cong. S. S., 1.06; Roxbury, Walnut Ave. Aux., 100, Eliot Ch., Aux., 17, Ferguson Circle, 2.55, Thompson Circle, 30 cts., Ehot Star Circle, 1.25, Mayflowers, 1.25; South Boston, Phillips Ch., Aux., Miss Lucinda Smith, const. L. M. Miss Mabel E. Adams, 25; Waltham, Carrier Pigeons, 20, Aux., 56; West Newton, Aux., 25, a Friend, 100,	1,665 70
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CORRECTION.—In LIFE AND LIGHT for March, 1894, the amount from Aux. of Walnut Ave. Church, Roxbury, should read \$132.55.

<i>Templeton.</i> —Beuev. Soc'y of Trin. Ch.,	10 00
<i>Williamsburg.</i> —First C. C. (of wh. 50 const. L. M. Mrs. Anna C. Porter and Mrs. Mary S. Hill),	56 20
<i>Worcester Co. Branch.</i> —Mrs. E. A. Sumner, Treas. Grafton, Extra-Cent-a-Day Band, 43.12; North Brookfield, Happy Workers, 8; Spencer, Aux., 88, Prim. S. S., 9.75, Junior C. E. Soc'y, 1.25; Southbridge, Aux., 10; Warren, 13; Westboro, 30; Whitinsville, Extra-Cent-a-Day Band, 15.47; Worcester, Piedmont Ch., Aux., 67.55,	286 14
—A Friend,	5 00
Total,	3,036 68

RHODE ISLAND.

<i>Rhode Island Branch.</i> —Miss A. T. White, Treas. Providence, Union Ch., Aux., 15, Y. P. S. C. E., of Highland Chapel, 3, Central Ch., Aux., 1, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 63.99; Central Falls, Y. L. M. C., 40, Y. P. S. C. E., 5.25; Newport, Aux., 265.50, United Ch., S. S., 278.19; Slatersville, Aux., 33.45; Tiverton, Aux., 7; East Providence and Seekonk, Aux., 2.10; Chpachet, Junior Y. P. S. C. E., 10.25, Elmwood Workers, 25, Elizabeth Penfield, 25 cts.,	749 98
<i>Providence.</i> —Union C. C., add'l, 1.25, Union Cong. S. S., 14.74,	15 90
Total,	765 97

CONNECTICUT.

<i>Utack Rock.</i> —Y. P. S. C. E.,	5 00
<i>Eastern Conn. Branch.</i> —Miss M. I. Lockwood, Treas. Lebanon, Aux., 10; Pomfret, M. W., 24; East Lyme, Aux., 12; Norwich, Second Ch., Aux., 27, Infant Class in Broadway Ch. S. S., 172, Y. L. M. C., 2; Putnam, Junior C. E., 15.00; New London, First Ch., Aux. (of which 25 from Mrs. R. McEwen, const. L. M. Miss Katharine A. Goddard), 68.95,	161 27
<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Miss M. B. Scott, Treas. Buckingham, Aux., 11.30; En-	

field, Aux., 76; Benev. Soc'y, 25; Hartford, First Ch., Aux., 3, Y. P. S. C. E., 15.92; Fourth Ch., Aux., 1, Park Ch., Aux., 74.40; Kensington, Aux., 6; Rockville, Aux., 40; Windsor Locks, Aux., 166,	
<i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss J. Twining, Treas. Adana, Aux., 12.77; Ansonia, 24.50; Bethel, 66.11; Bethlehem, W. H., 20; Branford, Y. P. S. C. E., 5.06; Bridgeport, Aux. (of which 25 from C. R. Palmer, D.D., const. L. M. Mrs. A. J. Sprague, 123.40, South Ch., Memo. Circle, 120, Y. P. S. C. E., 40; Bridgewater, Aux., 37.60; Canaan, Y. L. M. C., 15; Centrebrook and Ivoryton, Aux., 22.50; Cromwell, 63.70, Y. L. M. C., 27.53; Danbury, First Ch., Aux., prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. A. F. Pierce, 1, Junior Y. P. S. C. E., 3.87, same of Second Ch., 3.80; Darien, Aux., 18; Essex, Y. P. S. C. E., 5; Greenwich, Aux., 50; Higganum, 21; Ivoryton, Y. P. S. C. E., 18.35; Killingworth, Aux., 28; Litchfield, 18.11; Meriden, First Ch., Aux. (of which 75 const. L. M. Mrs. W. L. Squire, Mrs. F. P. Everts, and Mrs. J. D. Eggleston), 265; Middletown, First Ch., Aux. (of which 25 from Mrs. James H. Bunce, const. L. M. Mrs. Walter P. Bradley, and 25 from Mr. Wm. C. Foster, const. L. M. Miss Hattie R. Church), 117, First Ch., Gleaners, 5; New Haven, Ch. of the Redeemer, Y. L. M. C., 90.33, Y. P. S. C. E., 20, Primary Class S. S., 20, College St., Aux., 50.54, Davenport Ch., Aux., 60, Dwight Pl. Ch., F. M. C., 5; Fair Haven, Second Ch., Aux., 88.36, Grand Ave. Ch., Aux. (of which 25 const. L. M. Miss Mary Lanfair, and 25 from Mrs. Sarah Morris const. Mrs. Henry J. Stevens), 163.55, Y. L. M. C., 60, Self-denial Soc'y, 70, Y. P. S. C. E., 50, United Ch., Aux., 28, Yale Col. Ch., Aux., 11; New Milford, Aux., Miss Good, 1; Newtown, Aux., 31.68; Northfield, Aux., 34.50; North Haven, Y. P. S. C. E. 15.44; Norwalk, T. C., 5; Orange, Aux., 20; Plymouth, Rosebud C., 5; Portland, Aux., 5.10, W. and W., 28, Y. P. S. C. E., 1.36; Ridgbury, Aux., 6.80; Salisbury, Aux., 18, Children's Band, 3.14; Saybrook, Aux., 93.21; Sherman, Aux., 40; South Beach, Aux., 30.71; South Britain, Aux., 10; South Canaan, 5; Stamford, T. H., 22.22; Stratford, Aux., 88.71, Whatsoever Band, 35; Torrington, First Ch., Aux., 22; Waterbury, First Ch., Aux., 94.43; Westchester, 7.20; Westport, 15; Wilton, Aux., 20, T. T. Merwin, 1; Woodbury, First Ch., Aux., 10,	418 62
<i>Terryville.</i> —A Friend,	2,518 58
	3 20
Total,	3,106 67
NEW YORK.	
<i>Cambria.</i> —Molyneux Dist., Aux.,	10 00
<i>Clifton Springs.</i> —Mrs. and Miss Warner,	4 40
<i>Golden Bridge.</i> —H. L. Todd,	9 40
<i>Little Uica.</i> —A Friend,	50
<i>Millers Place.</i> —Miss'y Soc'y of Mt. Sinai C. C.,	7 66
<i>New York State Branch.</i> —Miss C. A. Hohnes, Treas. Aquebogue, Aux., 4; Albany, First Ch., Whatsoever Band, 10; Brooklyn, Lewis Ave., Earnest Workers, 2.68, King's Daughters, 10, Tompkins Ave., Junior Y. P. S. C. E., 10.75; Buffalo, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 1.50; Canador, Y. L.	
Miss'y Guild, 25; Cambridge, M. B., 32 cts.; Elmira, Park Ch., Aux., 10; Gloversville, Aux., 38; Homer, 94 cts., Y. L., Aux., 5.31; Hamilton, Aux., 8; Middletown, First Ch., Aux., 6.65; Millville, Aux., 10; Napoli, 1; New York, Tremont, Trinity Ch., Aux., 35, Broadway Tabernacle, Foreign Miss'y Dept. of Soc'y for Woman's Work, 337; Oswego, M. B., 13.50; Poughkeepsie, Aux., 50, M. C., 10; Rutland, Aux., 8.15; Sherburne, Aux., 50; Smyrna, Aux., 22.02; Warsaw, Miss Virginia Lawrence, 1. Less expense, 3.26,	667 56
<i>Plattsburgh.</i> —Mrs. P. D. Moore,	3 80
<i>Ticonderoga.</i> —Y. P. S. C. E.,	2 20
Total,	705 52
PENNSYLVANIA.	
<i>Philadelphia Branch.</i> —Miss E. Flavell, Treas. N. J., East Orange, Miss'y Soc'y of Trin. Ch., 58.50, Pilgrim Band, 15; Jersey City, Aux., 6.54; Montclair, Aux., 60; Newark, Belleville Ave. Ch., Aux., 10.40; Orange Valley, Aux., 27.78, Junior Y. P. S. C. E., 1; Plainfield, Aux., 10; Westfield, Y. L., 86; Woodbridge, Y. P. S. C. E., 10,	285 22
Total,	285 22
DELAWARE.	
<i>Felton.</i> —L. L. Dike,	2 00
Total,	2 00
FLORIDA.	
<i>South Jacksonville.</i> —Aux. of Phillips Ch.,	2 50
<i>Tangerine.</i> —Aux.,	1 00
<i>Winter Park.</i> —Miss'y Soc'y,	10 00
Total,	13 50
OHIO.	
<i>Oxford.</i> —Lucy E. Keith,	4 70
Total,	4 70
NEBRASKA.	
<i>Norfolk.</i> —Y. P. S. C. E. of First C. C.,	2 68
Total,	2 68
CALIFORNIA.	
<i>Pasadena.</i> —A Friend,	1 40
<i>San Francisco.</i> —Miss S. M. N. Cummings,	5 00
Total,	6 40
MINNESOTA.	
<i>Northfield.</i> —Sunday School,	21 41
Total,	21 41
CANADA.	
<i>Montreal.</i> —Miss'y Soc'y of Amer. Presb. Ch.,	174 50
<i>West Ontario.</i> —A Friend,	7 70
Total,	182 20
NOVA SCOTIA.	
<i>Farmouth.</i> —Mission Band of Tabernacle Ch.,	4 00
Total,	4 00
—A Friend,	5 00
General Funds,	9,311 28
Variety Account,	154 87
Total,	\$9,466 15



TWO DECADES OF WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMEN IN
FOREIGN LANDS, BY THE W. B. M. P.

THIS year of grace, 1893, is called a Columbian year! It is a marked year. The unprecedented revelations of progress in material things suggest the query, have we reached the climax of greatness in this direction?

Missionary Congresses and World's Congresses on all points of philanthropy and religion will show if the moral and spiritual have kept pace with the material. As the great aggregate is made up of the many littles, we, in our small corner, meet at the close of this our second decade, to see what contribution we have made towards this advancement, which is no real advance unless it is towards the coming of His kingdom, for which we daily pray.

Twenty years since, in this beautiful city by the sea, in Santa Cruz, with its suggestive name, we gathered here and organized this society, which has become increasingly dear to our hearts, and we trust acceptable to the Master, through the successive years.

Twenty-four years had passed since our pioneers entered the Golden Gate. Among them were men and women of energy and of sterling piety, who, with others that came year by year, established churches, schools and benevolent institutions.

But the religion of Christ is self-propagating,—it could not rest here. His last command, as His sacred feet rested for the last time on Olivet, could not be forgotten: "Ye shall be witnesses for Me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and in the uttermost parts of the earth."

God often moves simultaneously on the hearts of His people, turning the tide of feeling into specific channels; and those years of the sixties and early seventies were marked by the birth of most of the Woman's Missionary Soci-

eties in the land; and 1873 was not felt to be too soon for women here who had caught the same spirit, to enter upon this work which so appealed to their sympathies. And how has it opened before us! What revelations of God's power to multiply the mustard seed thus sown! And how rich has been the reflex influence upon ourselves and upon our churches!

On scanning the records of the past, many tender reminiscences are awakened as the persons and scenes of those days come into review; although, like the receding vessel on a misty sea, which sinks first her hull and then her spars out of sight, till our strained eyes no longer make out the vision, so do many of the features of those days fade away from memory's gaze.

We will step back for a moment into the parlors of Mrs. Dr. Willey (whose husband was then pastor of this church), thence into Delamater's hall, and call up the dear women whose inspiring words lifted the more timid into an earnest purpose and high resolve to follow where the Master was evidently leading.

First among them we see Mrs. Hough, of Santa Barbara, who, from her rich experience at the East, pointed out the way, showed us the need, and told us of the work already begun by our sisters beyond the mountains. Then we see Sister Thoburn, of Rio Vista: she was a life-long friend of this Board, and died at the age of eighty-six a few years since. This sister, in a recent visit to China, with no knowledge of missionary societies or organizations, was so moved by the pitiful condition of women in China, that she could not restrain herself, and said, "We must do something." How could we sit still and hold our hands, when poor women, just over the sea yonder (and we involuntarily looked toward the sea, as if we might discern those very women!) were suffering for what we had to give them! And as to our churches at home with their many burdens, "Why," she said, "this would help us every way!"

Added to this were the clear, intelligent words of dear Mrs. Bigelow, whose nature was a mine of wealth, and Mrs. Blakeslee and Mrs. Moor, all women of high intellectual ability and deep spiritual life, and beloved by all who knew them.

The voices of these blessed women are silent now, and no phonograph will ever repeat them, yet their influence abides in the life of this society and the work it has done in the far-off regions of the earth.

The officers suggested at this time, and confirmed at a subsequent meeting, were: Mrs. A. L. Stone, President; Mrs. E. P. Baker, Vice-President; Mrs. Blakeslee and Mrs. Moor, Home Secretaries; Mrs. R. E. Cole, Treasurer; Mrs. S. S. Smith, Recording Secretary.

We were at first connected with the Board at the East, and contributed

to its work, but ere long we re-organized as an independent society connected directly with the American Board.

Many of you will remember the thrill of joy with which we adopted our first missionaries, Mrs. Watkins and Miss Rappelye. Miss Starkweather was soon after added to this number.

One of our chief sources of inspiration in those early days was Mrs. Sarah Edwards Henshaw's pen in the *Pacific*, and Mrs. Carrie Colby's earnestness and devotion to the missionary cause from her distant home in Butte Co. True as the needle to the pole were Mrs. Colby's heart and purse. Mrs. Henshaw's articles in the "Column," in tract and leaflet, were a constant stimulus, either by her wit, or pathos, or argument; one and all were quickening.

"Mrs. Purdy's Parquisites," "Then and Now," "How Miss Appleby Brought It About," "Waiting Souls," "Patchwork Quilts," and many others cheered the workers, stimulated the laggards, and silenced the objectors. We regretted greatly her withdrawal from this work, and felt her loss.

Before leaving these early days entirely out of sight in the distant horizon, a rather formidable looking document before me reminds me that we left the formation of this society in rather of a chaotic state.

This document has the great seal of the State attached to it, and the signature of the then Secretary of State, and is our charter as an incorporated society, by which we are enabled to receive any gifts of gold or silver, or houses or lands, which any may be moved to bestow upon this cause. This charter reads thus: "Its purpose is to engage Christian women in systematic efforts to evangelize the women of heathen lands, by supporting female missionaries, native teachers, and Bible readers, through the agency of the American Board." It will be seen by this that its purpose and aim is explicit; it is for this and no other cause that we were thus commissioned by the laws of the State.

The signers of this paper were Mrs. A. L. Stone, Mrs. E. P. Baker, Mrs. W. C. Pond, Mrs. I. P. Rankin, Mrs. George Mooar, Mrs. S. V. Blakeslee, Mrs. T. B. Bigelow, Mrs. R. E. Cole, Mrs. E. P. Flint, Mrs. C. H. Pope, Mrs. S. S. Smith. Eleven in all, the legal number.

Your hearts will grow tender, and your eyes will moisten, as you think of those who "sleep in Jesus," but who have left the "golden fruitage" of their lives behind them.

Others, of late years, have belonged to the "shut-in" band. A few of us of those earlier years remain, having the joy of seeing the work planted in weakness grown beyond our hopes or expectations.

The close of this first ten years was celebrated here in this goodly city, but not in this beautiful church. We recall the night of our tenth anniversary in the other church, the predecessor of this, and the prophecy of that hour, that in 1893 we might meet here again. This privilege we gratefully acknowledge.

But, as the years roll around, we always see the "vacant chair." At this time it is that of Miss Fay, our then beloved President, whose removal to Massachusetts, her former home, necessitated her resignation, which was regretted by all.

Miss Fay brought to our society much intelligent aid and the warmth of her large heart; and it would have been a joy to us could we have had her presence with us to-day.

And here we will recall the dear friends who have served us in the responsible office of President: Mrs. A. L. Stone, Mrs. J. K. McLean, Miss Fay, and now our Mrs. Jewett, "whose works praise her in the gates."

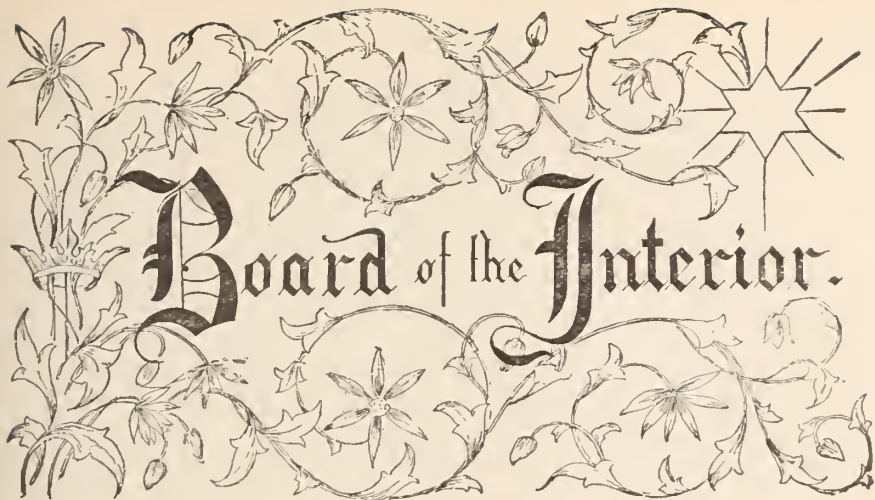
But one from the officers of this society has been called home during the past ten years, viz., Mrs. Richards, of Oakland, who endeared herself to us during her lifetime by her rare sweetness of character and wise counsels, and by her remembrance of this cause in the legacy of \$1,000 left to us.

Her memory has been kept green among us by the gift of \$3,000 from her husband in her memory, and which has kept her presence in the midst of us, as this sum, given with no restrictions, has helped to tide us over some hard places, and provide for some unexpected calls.

Our anniversary meetings have been crises in our history. The eleventh anniversary (1884) was held in Stockton. During this year Miss Starkweather withdrew from her position in the school at Kyoto, Japan, and Miss Gunnison succeeded her, but in Kobe instead of Kyoto.

To Berkeley we went for our twelfth anniversary. During this year, 1885, we have adopted Mrs. Holbrook, of South Africa, in the place of Mrs. Goodenough. In this year we were connected with the Oregon and Washington Branch; and in this year the Young Ladies' Branch was organized, the seed corn of which was their interest in Miss Gunnison, whom we had the pleasure of adopting, and of placing her as a special charge in the hands of the young ladies. They have been true to their trust, as they have provided for her salary year by year. Some of you will remember the pleasant little episode of the "engagement ring," a gold ring which was given to the society by a Jewish gentleman, and was presented to Miss Gunnison as a symbol of the tie that binds us together.

(To be continued.)



EDITORIAL COMMITTEE.

Mrs. GEORGE M. CLARK, 73 Bellevue Place, Chicago.
Mrs. H. M. LYMAN. Mrs. JAMES G. JOHNSON.
Miss SARAH POLLOCK. Mrs. GRAHAM TAYLOR.

LEAN HARD.

Child of My love. lean hard,
And let me feel the pressure of thy care.
I know thy burden, for I fashioned it,
Poised it in my own hand, and made its weight
Precisely that which I saw best for thee;
And when I placed it on thy shrinking form,
I said, "I shall be near, and while she leans
On me, this burden shall be mine, not hers.
So shall I keep within my circling arms
The child of my own love." Here lay it down,
Nor fear to weary Him who made, upholds,
And guides the universe. Yet closer come,—
Thou art not near enough. Thy care, thyself,
Lay both on me, that I may feel my child
Reposing on my heart. Thou lovest me?
I doubt it not; then, loving me, *lean hard!*

— *Selected.*

MEXICO.

LETTER FROM MRS. H. J. CRAWFORD.

HERMOSILLO, SONORA, Jan. 31, 1894.

MY DEAR SECRETARY: I have had it in my heart to write to you and the ladies about my mother's death, for I knew what dear friends she had among you, when to-day comes your kind letter of love and sympathy. For this I thank you; please to extend the same to the dear ladies of the Board.

Please thank the ladies, too, for the lovely Calendar. I think it such a treasure. It hangs in the dining room, where the different members of the family may enjoy it. Surely God's work will prosper when every day such great numbers of requests are ascending to him in its behalf.

Your new teacher in this field, Miss Augusta Burrows, is doing very well indeed, we think. She is learning quite rapidly the Spanish, and from the first took entire charge of the school. She is so friendly and cordial that all like her.

She has had twenty pupils, but several have lately been taken out. A few, whose parents moved away, and two bright little girls from different families, were taken out by parents, persuaded by friends that it was too great a risk to have them in a Protestant school.

Our work has been in many respects discouraging this winter. I think I wrote you that last fall several were cut off for unfaithfulness; several others moved away from town. There seems to be universal fear on the part of the more ignorant classes, and mere indifference on the part of the better educated. This class are enemies to the Roman clergy, but indifferent, and, in fact, enemies to any form of religion. They are entirely given over to vices, liquors, and pursuit of their own pleasure. There is a large class of such young men here. These are the ones that, until this year, Mr. Crawford has been trying to reach through English classes at night. Frequently he gives Friday evening lectures, with stereopticon views. The church is always quite crowded with young people on such occasions, but the discouraging part is, that only occasionally do any of these same young men make their appearance at the following Sabbath service, to which on Friday evening they are cordially invited.

But the work at the outstation, La Colorado, is quite encouraging. There is stationed a young man and his family; he, a graduate of last year from the Theological Training School for Mexicans, in El Paso, Texas. Mr. Crawford drives over in his cart, quite frequently, to hold service. There are seven or eight candidates there waiting to be received, and Mr. Crawford will go over there next week.

Mr. Blachly, agent of the Bible Society, who for the two past years has been canvassing these parts of Mexico, lately returned from a trip through Lower California, or rather through part of its Gulf coast. He found great poverty there. The towns are small mining camps, and the people poor and ignorant. But many were very anxious to possess the Bible, and many who had not a cent, gladly gave some article in exchange for a Bible or Testament. A good many gave up their rosaries, crucifixes, and charms which they wore about their necks. If you know how superstitious the ignorant ones are, you may know what it means for them to part with such.

One old lady wanted a Bible, and when asked if she would give her crucifix in exchange, she hesitated quite a while. She said that crucifix she was keeping to wear on her breast when she should die. Finally a friend present told her she would loan her crucifix to her, or she would borrow one from some one else, so the old lady gave her crucifix for a Bible. One old man, who owned nothing but what was on his back, took an old pair of sandals off his feet, and went on his way rejoicing with his new-found treasure. Several gave up their goatskins, which was all the bed they had between them and the cold ground.

One old lady wanted a Testament, but had nothing to give for one. Finally she took an old worn and much-mended *rebozo* (or shawl) from her head, all the covering she had from the cold and rain, and gladly gave that.

These poor souls literally "hunger and thirst" for the Word. Now, as they read this Word, they have no one to interpret for them. Please do not forget to pray that the Spirit may come to them and make it clear to them.

As I listened to the stories of these very poor ones giving all that they had, I thought of the many sisters in the enlightened gospel land surrounded by wealth and luxury; the sisters who really love the Lord, but who, when the missionary box is passed, reluctantly drop in a twenty-five cent or a fifty-cent piece, and who hesitate and debate as to whether they can spare the fifty or seventy-five cents for some missionary periodical.

Mr. and Mrs. Blachly board with us, she staying here while he goes on his trips. Miss Burrows, too, is a member of the family.

We have for so many years been so much alone here, that we now very much enjoy the company of these friends.

TURKEY.

LETTER FROM MISS FRANCES C. GAGE.

MARSOVAN, TURKEY IN ASIA, January 8, 1894.

MY DEAR MRS. LEAKE: Whenever I think of the headquarters of the W. B. M. I., and the names with which I am familiar, I cannot quite suppress a wish that I could fasten some faces to the names, or a bit of regret that I could not have come your way to Boston instead of the other. But immediately I think of my father's joy in coming East with me, and my joy in his coming, and I cannot be really sorrowful; only instead count it as one of the pleasures the future has for me,—the getting acquainted with you all through a more satisfactory medium than pen and ink. Your name is almost more familiar to me than that of any of the others at the Rooms, for I think in Minnesota I had almost more to do with the money-getting than with

any other department of missionary work. Mrs. Jackson, the State treasurer, is my dear friend, and many a time we have looked into each other's faces over an empty treasury, and with a prayer in our hearts started out to see what we could do about it. Mrs. Leake and Mrs. Leake's letters were always a part of every conversation for some months. So I am glad, especially, to find your name on the paper encircling the beautiful Prayer Calendar for 1894. It hangs now from a beautiful photograph of Joshua Reynolds's "Angel Choir"; and as we have our family prayers together to-night,—Miss King and I,—we shall be glad to join with the Christian women of the Interior and their sisters in heathendom in bearing upward the name of our college mate,—my early friend in school,—Miss Emily Brown, of Kobe. How much in the way of an ideal she has been to me! I knew her at Carleton, when she was a Senior and I a Third Prep.; when she was full of the steady purpose to serve God with all her might, and make every power he had given her bend to his will, and I was only beginning to get a peep into the depth of his love and power,—a most foolish, erratic Christian. I remember so well the impression I received one night after I had gone to bed, as I heard her—my room was right next a room in which was a piano of which she had the use—practicing hymns most laboriously. She had no natural talent for music, but she felt she ought in her missionary life to be able to use music, so she persisted. At last she conquered the hymn she had undertaken, and I said to myself, "What a power in the overcoming of difficulties is her desire to serve God to the uttermost." Well, I have no doubt I went the next day to my work and neglected my Latin lesson, for I hated it, but am sure it was with a prick of conscience; and later, as I attempted a college course, that night's thought was often with me, and has helped me conquer many hard places; and now out here in Marsovan, with the difficulties of Turkish heaping up about me,—for I am a stupid linguist, I fear,—it has been the greatest inspiration to me to more persevering effort. I am so glad to pray for her with you and with her. I know the Calendar will be delightful to me all through the year. I looked along to see when our names were printed, and the very thought of the united prayer was a comfort to me. I am saving the verse for the day it belongs with, and shall want to write you again on the May day.

I wish you could look in on Miss King and me, as we sit to-night in our pretty, comfortable room, with our fresh art square in the center of the floor; our American stove, doing its best service; our comfortable American rockers; our large, round table, and desk, both made by the boys in the self-help department of Anatolia College; our good hanging lamp; our walls hung with pictures, and all about the little things that go to make of a room

a home. You would not think any more than we do of the rather conspicuous, and not very even, pine-board border about our carpet, nor that our walls are made of mud. You will exclaim as we did when the boys brought it to us, at the great bunches of mistletoe that overhang our pictures and windows. Our room still wears its Christmas dress, for we had a housewarming here at that time, all the station spending the evening with us,—twenty-one all told,—and we had our gifts as one family; and we are a very happy family here, in spite of some of the unexplained providences of the year. Sometimes Miss King and I think we ought to be just a little unhappy, or uncomfortable, or something; but we aren't a bit. Of course, sometimes a little home longing will creep in, but we are so busy that we can't keep thinking about it. Of course the wind does come right through the walls, but one can move away from the wall. To be sure, our greatest discomforts continue, in the form of small live creatures, but you don't think about those when you are working hard, and ammonia takes out the sting; and so all our discomforts seem very minute and fleeting. We are truly glad, way down deep in our hearts, for the privilege of being here. Our associates are so kind and helpful to us in every way, and the girls and women we work among are so delightful, so true, and earnest, and responsive, and cordial, that I say over and again to myself, "Surely the lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places." But we long to be more useful; we are so limited by our ignorance of language and character that it is hard to be patient sometimes. But we mean to be that, too.

This is the Week of Prayer here, as at home. The meetings are held at sunrise,—or rather at the time the almanac says the sun is expected to be in a position to rise. This is our dismal season, you know, and the mornings are very dark and cold, but to-day there were about three hundred at the meeting. It was a *good* meeting, and we are filled with thankfulness. We have prayed so earnestly that the time might soon come when the people's minds might turn away from the emptiness of their foolish ambitions to the fullness of God's love; that out of all the chaos of past years, and especially of this last twelvemonth, there might come at last a recognition of their need of God's arm to lean upon, that should give them the sight into their own weakness, and the determination to leave their sins, which will in the end make them stronger than before. We believe God will answer, of course, and it seems as if the beginning were already made. The confession of sin this morning was very earnest, the professions of purposes to begin again were very heartfelt, the requests for prayers most humble. Of course it is easier to talk than to do in the Orient, as well as the other side of the water, but God's power is unlimited.

Yesterday nine children were baptized in the church. Many of the mothers had come to the missionary ladies and asked us to pray that their little ones might be baptized with the Holy Ghost, as well as with the symbol; so we felt they were ready for the service. It was a beautiful service in every way. It was very good to see the fathers and mothers stand together with their children,—an unusual sight in this country,—and to feel the spirit of consecration that pervaded the whole assembly; and Mr. Smith's sermon on the Holy Spirit was one that sank down into every heart, I am sure,—at least, those who understood it say that it was most helpful; and I know it must have been, from the faces of the people and the confidence I have in the preacher.

We are so glad to have good things to think about and write about instead of the succession of discouragements and disappointments of the last months. Of course we realize that the end is not yet. What the end will be we cannot even conjecture; but that is in God's hands, and we are busy with the next things, and are glad that we are not expected to manage the world.

Again my thanks to you for the Calendar. Please don't wait till May to pray for two very inexperienced girls out here in Turkey, that God will help them in every time of need, and keep them ever near him in their work.

THE BAND OF MARTHAS AT HADJIN.

ABOUT a year ago the girls in Mrs. Coffing's school who formed a missionary society, adopted this name. They have sent money for village schools in India, for Kobe College, and this year for medical work in China, under Dr. Murdock's care.

They have regular monthly meetings except during summer vacation. To interest others, Mrs. Coffing and Miss Bates invite guests, a hundred or more, to each meeting. Each girl has some part in each program, if possible. As their ages vary from eight years to fifteen, few of them know enough of English to cull for themselves from missionary magazines. The missionaries have articles translated and read, and the younger members read Scripture responsively, or recite from Scripture, sing hymns and share in other exercises. This year the day pupils as well as the boarding pupils have part in the society. There are about eighty in all, and the new members are very eager. The girls are all poor, and the newer members have not yet learned how to contrive to have at least a little gift for each meeting. The older members, even the little ones, fairly tease the missionaries for work to do, that they may earn money. So much are they troubled to find work, so

that the money can really be earned, that the teachers consider it wrong to mend their own hose, or sew up rips in their gowns. There are so few things that the dear little bungling fingers can do, that they are often set to carrying stones. Very few of the children have any spending money from which they can give. And yet, they have just sent eleven dollars to the Interior Board, for Japan and China.

. . . MORE than all else do we desire those gifts of the Spirit which shall enable us to love the gospel we teach.

You, dear friends, can help us in this,—by frequent mention of our names to Him who knows our every need.

When one's strength is small, one is apt to be discouraged easily. We need to look beyond ourselves and the present with eyes of faith. Is not this same need felt in all departments of Christian work?

I believe the greatest longing of my life is to meet once more with God's people in Christian fellowship.—*Mrs. Bertha Stover, Africa.*

Mrs. ANN E. GULICK writes of having reached the Hawaiian Islands, and having begun work for the Japanese in Honolulu, where she and her husband expect to remain for the next six months. Some of the Honolulu ladies are very much interested in the Japanese, and a Kindergarten has been started with twenty-four members, and Mrs. Gulick was going to write at once to Miss Howe in Japan to send a second teacher.

Home Department.

STUDIES IN MISSIONS.

AUSTRIA AND OTHER PAPAL LANDS.

BY MRS. W. T. MILLS.

AUSTRIA.—For the country and its history, consult the encyclopedia.

For the History of the Missionary Movement, see the "Historical Sketch of Missions in Papal Lands," of the American Board, to be obtained at the Rooms, 603, 59 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Also see *Mission Studies* for August, 1887, and August, 1889.

For statistics of stations, missionaries, churches, schools, workers, literature, and so forth, see the American Board Annual Report for 1893.

For a few items of interest, see the American Board Almanac for 1894.

For a reason for *Missions in Papal Lands*, see *Mission Studies* for July, 1887. Read also an article entitled "Work Among Romanists," in the *Missionary Review* of March, 1894.

SPAIN.—For the history of the Mission, send for the American Boards' "Sketch of Missions in Papal Lands."

Missions Educational and Evangelistic, see American Board Report for 1893.

For a lesson on *Spain*, see *Mission Studies* for July, 1887. For other and recent information, see *Mission Studies* for April, 1894.

Quotations from a paper on "Cosmopolitan Christianity," by Mrs. Kate Kingsley Ide, read at the meeting of the Chicago Association of the W. B. M. I. held February 28th.

PARTS of Exodus and Deuteronomy are Moses' missionary journal, telling the story of a nation's emancipation from heathen bondage to theocratic liberty. . . . A burning missionary spirit existed in the early Church. There were no Endeavor societies, no women's societies, no men's clubs, no boys' brigades, no mission bands. The whole Church was unconsciously a brotherhood of Andrews and Phillips, Marys and Joannas, where personal work was paramount. Andrew found Simon, Phillip found Nathaniel, Mary found the other women; and then while these were loyally witnessing for Christ at home, came those last words of Jesus proclaiming the universality of Christianity, and that their witnessing was not to be confined to the Jews or to the Holy Land. . . . Ah! how much we owe to Paul's listening and responding to those European cries. If he had shaken his head and said, No! Christ is the Light of Asia but not the Light of the World, then we should not have had our letters to the Philippians, to the Romans, to the Corinthians, all growing out of Paul's foreign missionary journeys. . . .

Circumscribed giving means circumscribed praying.

Provincial prayers are always provincial prayers.

Buddhism is Asiatic. Christianity as taught in the Lord's Prayer is cosmopolitan.

The American Board,—that grand old plank that has been so hacked and haggled by theological boys with their new hatchets, and yet shows no signs of splitting up into kindling wood. . . . In pagan pioneering the missionary invariably goes ahead, and the commercial agent willingly brings up the rear. . . . Unwittingly foreign missions have been the best geographical societies. The first map in the *Herald*, seventy years ago, was of Hawaii. To-day Hawaiian geography is of intense interest to nations. In the present

undignified contest with Hawaii, missionaries are still her truest friends, proving that Christianity is more politic than politics, that free religion is better than sugar, for both Hawaii and the United States. . . . The average church member still seems to feel as comfortable in his old, worn-out foreign missionary prejudices as in his old shoes, and as unwilling to part with them. The trite excuse for not taking *Mission Studies* or *LIFE AND LIGHT*, "I should not read them if I took them," or, "I never get time to read them," is the flimsiest excuse; for whenever a woman has a will to do any reasonable thing, she always finds a way. . . . If Christianity is a garment for the Church to wear, Home and Foreign Missions are the hooks and eyes to bring it together. . . . Did I say Foreign Missions popular? Not where the mass of church members give nothing, and the rest average only one dollar out of fifty. And many of them give that one dollar with about the same idea of its power as had the little girl of her one cent, which out of pity she gave to the little beggar boy on her steps, saying, "Here, little boy, take this cent and go and buy yourself a suit of clothes and some dinner." . . . Ten dollars a year to transplant a girl from heathen environment into Christian influences! . . . Julia Ward Howe told the gayly draped magnates that the next time there was a World's Parliament of Religions she hoped they would bring their *women* with them.

A CHINESE BOY'S FORTUNE.

VERY strange notions abound among the Chinese, and we study their singular ways and habits with a great deal of surprise. In nearly all things they are our opposites in methods, even as they are in their place of life, being on the exact opposite side of the earth from us. Among the strange habits of this strange people the following facts will be read with interest:

No sooner is a Chinese boy born into the world than his father proceeds to write down eight characters or words, each set of two representing respectively the exact hour, day, month, and year of his birth. These are handed by his father to a fortune teller, whose business it is to draw up from them a certain book of fate, generally spoken of as the boy's *pat-tsz*, or "eight characters." Herein the fortune teller describes the good and evil which the boy is likely to meet with in after life, and the means to be adopted in order to secure the one and avert the other.

In order to understand the value of this document we must glance at the Chinese method of reckoning time. There are only twelve Chinese hours to our twenty-four. Beginning with 11 P. M. to 1 A. M., which is their first hour, their names are rat, ox, tiger, rabbit, dragon, snake, horse, sheep,

monkey, cock, dog, and pig. As everybody is supposed to partake more or less of the nature of the animal at whose hour he is born, it is obvious that it would never do to send a rabbit boy to the school of a tiger schoolmaster. Hence the necessity of consulting the *pat-tsz* of both parties before entering upon any kind of agreement. It is a fact that it is thus referred to on every important occasion.—*Selected*.

MUSIC IN JAPAN.

If you go into a Japanese home you hear a tinkle from almost every room. You get used to this soft, light beat of music as you do to the gurgle of a brook or the drip of a fountain. There seems to be no Japanese house without its flower vase, its picture on the wall, and its guitar. The Japanese have four kinds of guitar, or harp. The *samasin* is the common kind. It has a long, black neck; its square body is covered with a tight catskin, and it has three strings, or wires. The player strikes these with a curious little piece of ivory, or she picks them with her fingers. There is also the big *koto*, with its thirteen strings; and there is a tiny lute with four strings; and there is a very fine sort of a harp, brought from China, and called a *girken*. The *girken* has three sets of wires, and if Miss Chrysanthemum is an accomplished musician, she makes gay music on her Chinese harp. With the rosy finger tips of her small brown hands she can bring forth from the wires all the sounds of the great Japanese hunt, which takes place each year on the third day of November. On one set of wires she can call like a hunter to his hounds, and from another set, at the same time, you hear the hounds bark and bay. She will give you from that little harp the most enchanting noises—the cries of the Japanese animals, and the note of the water and swamp bird.—*Gospel in All Lands*.

The first thing a Japanese does in the morning is to take down the entire front of his building, leaving the whole interior open to view.

The population of Japan is 40,000,000.

There are more than 1,000 islands over which the flag of Japan floats.

“I dreamed
That stone by stone I reared a sacred fane;
A temple neither pagod, mosque, nor church,
But loftier, simpler, always open-doored
To every truth from Heaven; and Truth, and Peace,
And Love, and Justice came and dwelt therein.”
But the summit of that temple is the *Cross*!

—*Tennyson*.

THE article in the February number of LIFE AND LIGHT, by Miss Annie Howe, on the Glory Kindergarten, although well worthy perusal, found its way into the pages through one of the accidents against which the best regulated desk is not insured. It was written many months ago, and its appeal was promptly responded to by interested friends.

If from reading it you are inspired to aid kindergartens, remember that the cry for training for little children is coming from our missionaries in every heathen land.—*Ed.*

For the Bridge Builders.

NOVEL LITERARY SOCIETIES.

BY MISS JENNIE T. MARTIN.

OF late years the German Seminary method for advanced study has been introduced into our larger universities. The students themselves do the work along lines of historical or philosophical research, while the professor merely guides or directs. At each regular meeting there are reports of progress, and as soon as an investigation is finished, the student reads before the others the thesis which he has prepared.

Why would not missionary seminaries be a good thing in our larger churches in towns and cities? The student becomes thoroughly absorbed in the secular study, and why would not missions furnish subjects of great interest? For such a study a missionary library would be essential, and much use could doubtless be made of public libraries.

In large Junior circles there could be several seminaries, each studying some one country. One person could study the commercial condition of the country and its relation with other countries; another, the condition of its women. Other subjects, such as these, could be taken: Hindrances to the Spread of Christianity, Child Life in the Country, Native Medical Science and Superstitions connected with Sicknes, The Religions of the Country, History of the Missionary Work, Present Condition of Missionary Work in the Country, with its problems, encouragements, and needs, etc.

At least one afternoon a week should be given to the study, and a monthly report meeting should be held. At the latter the circle could meet as a whole for a devotional service, and then separate into its groups. At the

group meeting brief reports of progress should be made. Recent news from the country being studied should be given, and then the thesis of the afternoon should be read, and afterwards thoroughly discussed. Once during the year, or oftener, public meetings should be held, at which the best results obtained in the study could be given for the benefit of all.

In a town in Illinois a group of bright girls wanted to do some literary work, and the wise woman whom they chose as their leader, turned their attention toward missions. For each meeting they had a general subject, and their program was arranged like that of a college literary society. They changed presidents often, so as to give each one training in parliamentary methods. They had a critic who was merciless in her treatment of poor work, and as appreciative of the good. The carefully planned programs were varied by song, recitations, essays, and debates. At each meeting there were two three-minute extempore talks on subjects given by the president. The information for these talks could always be found in the *Woman's Missionary Magazine* for the month. There was always, also, a finished essay or address on some phase of the subject, and a debate followed by informal discussion on one of the many questions furnished by missions. Once in two months the society newspaper, *The Gleaner*, was read.

It is needless to say that these young women not only gained intellectual power, but also, without a single exception, from being careless and somewhat worldly girls, they became zealous missionary workers, and two of their number went out to work for the poor heathen women whose cause they had so ardently espoused in the heat of debate.

AN AFTER MEETING.

BY KATHARINE C. DANFORTH.

THEY were sitting in the pretty room of a college cottage, after the evening session of the annual Branch meeting. Ruth was on the edge of the bed, with one shoe dangling from the tip of her toe, apparently intent on its pendulous motion, and nothing more. Helen was slowly taking out hairpins, and Kate and Polly were just gathering up their notebooks, and pencils, and gloves preparatory to going across the hall, to their own room. It was spring vacation at the college, and the cottage had been left to "delegates."

The shoe dropped with a sudden click, as Ruth turned to a more comfortable position and suddenly announced: "Girls, I'm going to fit myself to be secretary of this Branch within two years; and I think you'd better study for the presidency, Kate, and Polly would make an elegant treasurer, if she'd only look into the matter."

“Why, Ruth Fairley, what presumption!” gasped Helen, who alone (owing, perhaps, to her not having had any office thrust upon her) seemed to have enough breath to make any reply.

“Not at all,” calmly answered Ruth. “I do not mean to say that I particularly wish the office, neither do I propose to walk in to the executive session two years from now and say, ‘You may resign, Mrs. Secretary; I will be secretary now.’ But when I saw the desperate struggle those dearly beloved women had to find some lady who was capable and efficient, and would know how to take care of the treasury, and how they finally had to fall back upon the one who begged so earnestly to be relieved of the task, because—think of it, girls!—in all this big body of churches there was not another woman who could, or who would, or who would know how, I just felt, as I heard them talking in little groups here and there, that it was high time some of us younger ones made a study, a real study, of these various offices, so that in years to come there would not be such dearth of material so far as capability was concerned, any way.”

After which rather long sentence Polly said: “But, my dear, one couldn’t offer one’s services, however well she might have fitted herself. It is not like a business position, and one would be considered to be ‘yearning for office.’”

“Don’t mistake my idea,” returned Ruth. “That dear little missionary from Turkey confided to me this morning that her sixteen-year-old daughter is to be left in this country at Wellesley College when she goes back to her work, and she added, ‘I told her the other day I wanted her to be either a foreign missionary or president of Wellesley, some day; which made her remark that my aspirations for her were lofty, and gave me the opportunity of a little talk on high aims.’ Now you understand her motive in setting the child to study. And, again, the other night in teachers’ meeting, when our superintendent frankly stated that from his earliest connection with railroad-ing he had said to himself, ‘I should like to be president of a railroad, some day,’ he didn’t know as he should ever attain that goal, but he meant to be ready should the position be offered him, you none of you intimated that he was presumptuous or office-seeking, but rather you every one admired him that he aimed for the highest position his business afforded. And to come down to our very own selves, Kate went into kindergarten training, and six months later, when some one said, ‘We ought to have a kindergarten at the mission,’ who was the very one to suggest the exceeding wisdom and fitness of having Kate as teacher thereof but yourself, Polly Pemberton? And I don’t remember that any one suggested that Kate was yearning for office. There was simply a knowledge that on the one hand there was a piece of

work to be done, and on the other hand one who was fitted to do it, and a sense of relief that untrained hands, however willing and loving, would not have to be called into service to the detriment of the work." And again Ruth paused. Her cheeks were growing red, and her gray eyes were dilating in a way they had when she was much in earnest.

It was Helen who spoke next: "Yes; but, Ruth, every one knew that Kate was studying kindergartening, and there is a school for it, and all that, but there isn't any school for the training of officers for Branches"——

"Better endow a new chair in this college," naughtily interpolated Polly.

"And you couldn't announce that you were studying how to be a good officer, now could you? And if you knew ever so much more about the office than some other women, you couldn't say so, could you?"

"Now, see here, Helen," replied Ruth, "if I'd told you that I intended to fit myself for work as a foreign missionary in the next two years, you'd all have fallen upon my neck, and wept and blessed me. I tell you that I intend to better serve the missionary cause right in my own home, and city, and state, and you all say, 'But—it is time you went to bed!' Only just let me add, I consider these offices as so many opportunities for usefulness, and I don't see how a woman can fill them faithfully unless she is well acquainted with the needs of the foreign field, and equally well acquainted with the status of the churches in her own State,—their struggles with small numbers and poverty, or their triumphs with large congregations, and wealth, and all the between,—and she must know something of parliamentary usage, and have skill in guiding discussions, or in writing letters, or in keeping accounts; and if you are fitted for such work, some one, somehow, will surely find it out, and suggest you. And, as I said before, if more Juniors would look at the matter in this light, and fit themselves for the work, ten years from now, instead of 'there isn't another woman to fill your place,' being said to an outgoing officer, there would be a dozen to choose from. Perhaps the Lord will never think me worthy to fill such a place; perhaps he may have humbler opportunities for me to catch up. But I mean to be ready for it if the call ever does come; and I don't believe but what there are others who would fall to studying if they only stopped to think about it."

Just then the big bell rang out from the chapel eleven strokes, and Polly and Kate, exclaiming over the lateness of "after meetings," started up from rocker and sofa. Only Kate, who had said nothing, left a good-night kiss on Ruth's cheek as she whispered, "Bless you, dear," in a way that made Ruth feel that she understood.

Is Ruth "wise in her day and generation"?

WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR.

Mrs. J. B. LEAKE, TREASURER.

RECEIPTS FROM JANUARY 18, TO FEBRUARY 18, 1894.

ILLINOIS.

BRANCH.—Mrs. W. A. Talcott, of Rockford, Treas. Bloomington, M. H. Field, const. Sarah E. Russell L. M., 25; Cianpaiga, 12.96; Chebouse, 3; Chicago, First Ch., 84.15, New England Ch., 65, Union Park Ch., of wh. 25. Mrs. A. W. Farrar, const. Ida Nonemaker L. M., 25, Mrs. H. E. Morton, const. Nellie Fisher L. M., 32.15; Chandlerville, 2; Decatur, 5; Dundee, 16.25; Danvers, 10; Ewington, 1; Englewood, Mrs. J. A. M., 15, North Ch., 10; Harvard, 5; La Harpe, 10.81; Mendon, 8.75; Melvin, 2; Millburn, 10; Oak Park, Mrs. L. G. H., 30; Rantoul, 6.50; Rogers Park, 14.49; Rockford, First Ch., 17.47; St. Charles, 5.75; Wilmette, 9.75,	682 02
JUNIOR: Chicago, California Ave. Ch., 10, Union Park Ch., 50, Warren Ave. Ch., 11.81; Rockford, First Ch., 33.05,	104 89
JUVENILE: Chicago, Porter Memorial Ch., 1.65; Evanston, Light Bearers, 10.88; Joy Prairie, 6.25; Ridgeland, 15,	33 78
JUNIOR C. E.: Bunker Hill, 1.75; Forrest, 5; Princeton, 3,	9 75

FOR THE DEBT: Crystal Lake, 6; Chicago, First Ch., 21.25, New England Ch., 11.25, Union Park Ch., 132, Warren Ave. Ch., 15.45; Evanston, C. E., 18.29; Galesburg, First Ch., Mission Band, 15; Glencoe, 75; Glen Ellyn, 1.30; Geneseo, 22; Maywood, 5; Oak Park, 13; Pittsfield, 3. Rose Soc., 4; Shabbona, 16.20; Wilmette, 2.50, Y. L. Soc., 2.25,	363 49
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LEGACY: Payson, rents from the estate of Mrs. M. A. P. Robbins,	15 78
Total,	1,209 71

INDIANA.

BRANCH.—Miss S. M. Gilbert, of Terre Haute, Treas. Angola, 11.50; Indianapolis, Mayflower Ch., 3,	14 50
JUNIOR: Indianapolis, Mayflower Ch.,	3 00
CARRIE BELL MEMORIAL: Indianapolis, Mayflower Ch., Junior C. E.,	1 00
FOR THE DEBT: Indianapolis, Mayflower Ch., Aux., 5, Y. P. Soc., 5,	10 00
Total,	28 50

IOWA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. C. E. Rew, of Grinnell, Treas. Ames, 9.50; Atlantic, 15; Cedar Rapids, 3.45; Cherokee, 20; Chester Center, 4.16; Des Moines, Plymouth Ch., 7.98; Dysart, Carrie Smith, 1.10; Grinnell, 31.80; Magnolia, 5.75, Mason City, 9.37; McGregor, 9 15; Midland, 2.85; Newtonville, 5; Old Man's Creek, 7.25; Preston, 1; Shenandoah, 6.28; Sioux City, First Ch., 9.20; Waterloo, 11.50; Williamsburg, 10,	170 34
JUVENILE: Cedar Rapids, Busy Bees, 1.87; Sheldon, Coral Workers, 10,	11 87

SUNDAY SCHOOLS: Cromwell, 10; Dinsdale, 1.90; Dunlap, Prim. Dept., 2.40; Eldora, 3.10; Millland, 1.75,	19 15
C. E.: Sioux City, First Ch., 14.13; Waterloo, 6,	20 13
FOR THE DEBT: Council Bluffs, Anon., 5; Des Moines, Plymouth Ch., 6; Eldora, 3; Grinnell, 1; Magnolia, Mrs. M. L. Hillis, 5; New Hampton, 5; Onawa, 6.55; Preston, 2.50; Shenandoah, Aux., 7.50, Y. L., 2, Children's Band, 82 cts.; Waterloo, Mrs. Lucy V. Leavitt, 50; Wayne, 1,	95 27
Total,	316 86

KANSAS.

BRANCH.—Mrs. W. A. Coats, of Topeka, Treas. Dunlap, Mrs. Claffin, 1; Lawrence, 8.13; Leavenworth, 15; Wellington, 5; Western Park, 14.21,	43 34
JUVENILE: Sabetha, Rushlight M. B.,	2 25
Less expenses,	45 59
Total	6 85
Total	38 74

MICHIGAN.

BRANCH.—Mrs. Robert Campbell, of Ann Arbor, Treas. Alpine and Walker, 15.55; Ann Arbor, 8.60; Cooper, 5; Detroit, Woodward Ave. Ch., 62.44; Dorr, Martha Gilbert Memorial Fund, 10, Edmore, Aid Soc., 1.50; Flint, 19.10; Greenville, 7; Galesburg, 5; Inlay City, 5.13; Manistee, of wh. 8.14 is a Thank Off., 67.22; Olivet, 36.55; Portland, 2.63; Ransom, Aid Soc., 8; Saginaw, First Ch., 100; Stanton, 14; Tipton, 5; Union City, 20; Webster, 5.19; From a Friend, 50,	417 82
JUNIOR: Alpine and Walker, 9.25; Bronson, C. E., 3.65; Detroit, Fort St. Ch., a few young ladies, 4, Woodward Ave. Ch., 25; Flint, 9.05; Olivet, Y. W. S. C. E., 4.10; Wayne, C. E., 4.50. From the following, for Marsh piano: A Friend in Brooklyn, 10, Miss Helen Lovell, 10, Mr. R. Foster, 5,	84 55
JUVENILE: Detroit, First Ch., 5, Woodward Ave. Ch., King's Cup Bearers, 6; Grand Rapids, South Ch., Sunbeam Band, 4; Vpsikanti, 5, Busy Workers, 1.50,	21 50
FOR THE DEBT: Ann Arbor, 50 cts.; Detroit, First Ch., 15; Grand Rapids, First Ch., Y. L. Soc., 8; Olivet, 3; Stanton, 7,	33 50
Total,	567 37

MINNESOTA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. J. F. Jackson, 139 University Ave. E., St. Paul, Treas. Belgrade, 1.31; Cannon Falls, 2.60; Duluth, Pigrim Ch., 95.73, Aux., 23; Fredora, 2.58; Freedom, 1.30; Hartland, 1.16; Jonesville, 1; Lamberton, 2.51; Mankato, 2.12; Swedish Church, 41 cts.; Mapleton, 1.31;

Marshall, 9.88; Minneapolis, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 15; Monticello, 5; New Richmond, 18.02; Northfield, 130.26; St. Claire, 70 cts.; St. Paul, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 29; Sauk Centre, 9.50; Sleepy Eye, 2.15; Springfield, 3.13; Walnut Grove, 1.75; Wasca, 2.18; Winona, Second Ch., 10; Worthington, 2.44,	374 40
JUNIOR: Northfield,	10 00
C. E.: St. Paul, Atlantic Ch., 5; Rochester, 5,	10 00
INTERMEDIATE C. E.: Minneapolis, Park Ave. Ch.,	25 00
JUVENILE: Duluth, Pilgrim Ch., 5, Second Ch., 1.55,	6 55
SUNDAY SCHOOL: Marshall,	1 56
JUNIOR C. E.: Marshall, 11.14; St. Paul, Atlantic Ch., 2,	13 14
FOR THE DEBT: Minneapolis, Lyndale Ch., Aux.,	5 56
	446 21
Less expenses,	38 97
Total,	407 24

Omitted from January LIFE AND LIGHT:
Duluth, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., Thank Off.,
21. Included in total from auxiliaries.

OHIO.

BRANCH.—Mrs. Geo. H. Ely, of Elyria, Treas. Alexis, Mite-box Soc., 3.45; Andover, 7; Cleveland, First Ch., 60; Jefferson, 6.60; Toledo, Washington St. Ch., 10,	87 05
JUNIOR: Lake Erie, Seminary, 20; Marietta, 37.50,	57 50
C. E.: Oberlin, Second Ch., 7.93; Toledo, Central Ch., 5,	12 93
JUVENILE: Ashland, Junior C. E., 3.37; Mansfield, M. B., 10; Painsville, Enterprise M. C., 1; Ravenna, Junior, C. E., 2; W. Andover, Golden Rule Circle King's Daughters, 1,	17 37
SUNDAY SCHOOL: Kinsman,	17 23
THANK OFFERING: Akron, West Ch.,	10 00
FOR THE DEBT: Cleveland, Euclid Ave. Ch., C. E., 10; Elyria, C. E., 7.11, Mrs. W. W. F., 1; Marietta, 10.75; Wellington, 9; Weymouth, Whatsoever Circle King's Daughters, 2.16,	40 02
	242 10
Less expenses,	9 25
Total,	232 85

SOUTH DAKOTA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. C. S. Kingsbury, of Sioux Falls, Treas. Alcester, 5, Indian women of Bad River Ch., 5; De Smet, 2.85; Wakonda, a Friend, 25,	37 85
JUVENILE: Oahe, Missionary Children, Christmas Gift for Debt,	1 00
SUNDAY SCHOOL: Howard, Birthday Box,	1 82
Total,	40 67

WISCONSIN.

BRANCH.—Mrs. R. Coburn, of Whitewater, Treas. Bristol and Paris, 35; Beloit, Second Ch., 7; Durand, 6; Elkhorn, dues, 41, Thank Off., 29; Eau Claire, 10; Grand Rapids, 8; Milwaukee, Plymouth Ch.,	
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Helping Hands, 100; Racine, 6; Springvale, 13; Union Grove, by Mrs. L. E. Osgood, 2.50,	257 50
FOR THE DEBT: Appleton, 12; Eau Claire, 5; Green Bay, 12; Kenosha, 7.75; Madison, 15; Ripon, Mrs. C. T. Tracy, 5; Spring Green, 2.05; Wauwatosa, a Friend, 2; Whitewater, 7.20; Windsor, 3.50,	71 50
JUNIOR: Burlington, Y. L., 12.50; South Milwaukee, C. E., 3.25; Wyoming, C. E., 4,	19 75
JUVENILE: La Crosse, Coral Workers, 10.02; Madison, Prim. Cl., 10; Milwaukee, Grand Ave. Ch., M. B., 14.48; Ripon, Junior C. E., for Japanese child, 10; Rosendale, Pearl Gatherers, 4.33; South Milwaukee, Junior C. E., 3; Springvale, Leon and Leona Pallister, 2,	53 83
	402 58
Less expenses,	18 04
Total,	384 54

LIFE MEMBERS: Elkhorn, Mrs. Wm. Frater and Mrs. E. H. Sprague.

CORRECTION: In March LIFE AND LIGHT the one dollar credited to Pilgrim Ch. should have been to a Presbycrtian lady of Milwaukee.

ALABAMA.

Talladega.—Mrs. M. R. De Forest, for debt, 1.50, Little Helpers, 15,	16 50
Total,	16 50

CONNECTICUT.

Norwich.—First Ch., Benevolent Soc.	1 00
Total,	1 00

FLORIDA.

Tampa,	12 00
Total,	12 00

VERMONT.

Riverside.—A Friend, for debt,	1 00
Total,	1 00

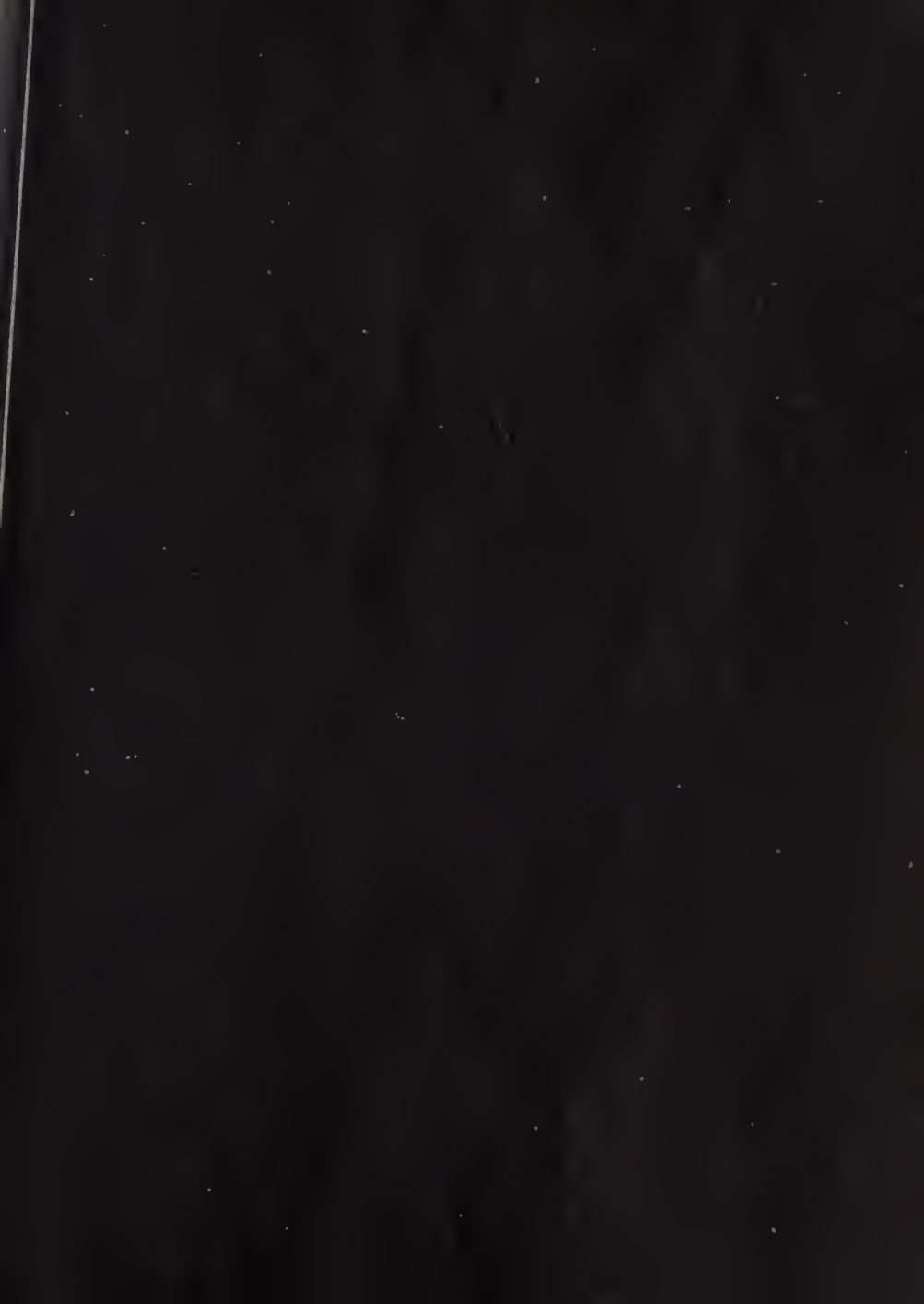
WYOMING.

Cheyenne.—First Ch., C. E.,	5 95
Total,	5 95

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sale of leaflets, 24.76; envelopes, 3.70; boxes, 6.79; waste paper, 2.04; African curio, 25 cts.; Calendars, 104,	141 54
Total for month,	3,424 47
Previously acknowledged,	12,372 59
Total since November 4, 1893,	\$15,797 06

Miss JESSIE C. FITCH,
Ass't Treas.

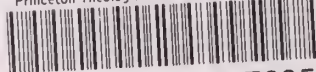


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